

K. HENRY IV.

WITH

THE HUMOURS OF

Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

A

TRAGI-COMEDY.

Written by Mr. W. SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N ,

Printed the in Year 1710.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

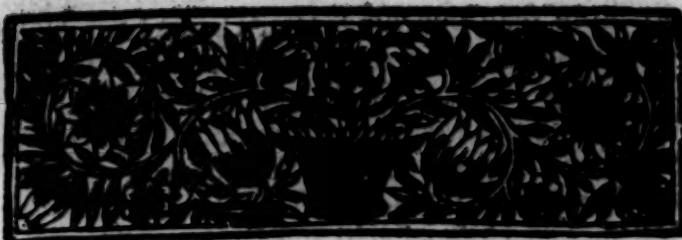
King Henry the Fourth.
Henry, Prince of Wales, }
Prince John of Lancaster, } Sons to the King.
Worcester, }
Northumberland, }
Hot-spur, }
Mortimer, }
Archbishop of York, } Enemies to the King.
Dowglas, }
Owen Glendower, }
Sir Richard Vernon, }
Sir Michell, }
Westmorland, }
Sir Walter Blunt, } of the King's Party.
Lords attending the King.
Sir John Falstaff.
Poins.
Gads-hill.
Peto.
Bardolph.

Lady Percy, Wife to Hot-spur.
Lady Mortimer, Daughter to Glendower,
and Wife to Mortimer.
Hostess.

Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers,
2 Carriers, Travellers, and Attendants.

Scene ENGLAND.

K.



K. HENRY IV.
WITH
THE HUMOURS OF
Sir JOHN FALSTAFF.

A C T. I.

S C E N E I.

Enter King Henry, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, and others.

King HENRY.

SO shaken as we are, so wan with Care,
Find we a time for frightened Peace to pant,
And breathe short winded accents of new Broils
To be commenc'd in Stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty Entrails of this Soil

A 2

Shall

K. HENRY IV. &

Shall damp her Lips with her own Childrens Blood :
No more shall trenching War channel her Fields ,
Nor bruise her Flowrets with the armed Hoofs
Of Hostile Paces. Those opposed Eyes ,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heav'n ,
All of one Nature , of one Substance bred ,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock ,
And furious close of civil Butchery ,
Shall now in mutual well-beseeming Ranks
March all one away , and be no more oppos'd
Against Acquaintance , Kindred , and Allies ;
The edge of War , like an ill-sheathed Knife ,
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore , Friends ,
As far as to the Sepulchre of Christ ,
Whose Soldiers now , under whose blessed Cross
We are impressed , and engag'd to fight ,
Forthwith a Power of *English* shall we levy ,
Whose arms were moulded in their Mother's Womb
To chase these Pagans in those holy Fields ,
Over whose Acres walk'd those blessed Feet
Which fourteen hundred Years ago were nail'd
For our advantage on the bitter Cross .
But this our purpose is a Twelvemonth old ,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go :
Therefore we meet not now. Then let me hear
Of you my gentle Cousin *Westmorland* ,
What yesternight our Council did decree ,
In forwarding this dear Expediencie .

West. My Liege , this haste was hot in question ,
And many limits of the Charge set down
But yesternight : When all athwart there came
A post from *Wales* , loaden with heavy News ;
Whose worst was , That the noble *Mortimer* ,
Leading the Men of *Herefordshire* to fight ,
Against the irregular and wild *Glendower* ,
Was by the rude Hands of that *Welshman* taken ,
And a thousand of his People butchered :

Upon

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF.

Upon whose dead Corps there was such misuse,
Such beastly, shameless Transformation,
By those *Welshwomen* done, as may not be,
Without much shame, re-told or spoken of.

K. Henry. It seems then, that the tidings of this Broil
Brake off our Busnels for the Holy Land?

West. This, matcht with other like; my gracious
Far more uneven and unwelcome News (Lord,
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-rood Day, the gallant *Hot-spur* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and brave *Archibald*,
That ever-valiant and approved *Scot*,
At *Holmedon* met, where they did spend
A sad and bloody Hour:
As by discharge of their Artillery
And shape of likelihood the News was told.
For he that brought them, in the very Heat
And pride of their Contention, did take Horse,
Uncertain of the Iſſue any way.

K. Henry. Here is a dear and true industrious Friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horse,
Stain'd with the variation of each Soil,
Betwixt the *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome News.
The Earl of *Dowglas* is discomfited,
Ten thousand bold *Scots*, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their own Blood did Sir *Walter* see
On *Holmedon's* Plains. Of Prisoners, *Hot-spur* took
Mordake Earl of *Fife*, and eldest Son
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earl of *Athol*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an Honourable Spoil?
A gallant Prize? Ha, Cousin, is it not? In faith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

K. Henry. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me sad, and
mak'ſt me ſin,
In envy, that my Lord *Northumberland*

Should be the Father of so blest a Son ;
 A Son, who is the Theam of Honour's Tongue ;
 Amongst a Grove, the very streightest Plant,
 Who is sweet Fortune's Minion, and her Pride :
 Whilst I by looking on the Praise of him,
 See Riot and Dishonour stain the Brow
 Of my young *Harry*. O that it could be prov'd,
 That some Night-tripping Fairy had exchang'd ,
 In Cradle Cloaths, our Children where they lay,
 And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet* ;
 Then would I have his *Harry*, and he mine.
 But let him from my Thoughts. What think you ,
 Of this young *Percy*'s Pride ? The Prisoners, (Coz ,
 Which he in this Adventure hath surpriz'd ,
 To his own use he keeps , and sends me Word
 I shall have none but *Mordake Earl of Fife*.

West. This is his Uncle's teaching , this is *Worcester* ,
 Malevolent to you in all Aspects ;
 Which makes him prune himself, and bristle up
 The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

K. Henry. But I have sent for him to answer this ;
 And for this Cause a while we must neglect
 Our holy Purpose to *Jerusalem*.
 Cousin, on *Wednesday* next, our Council we will hold
 At *Windsor*, so inform the Lords ,
 But come your self with Speed to us again ;
 For more is to be said , and to be done ,
 Than out of Anger can be uttered.

West. I will , my Liege.

[*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E I I.

*Enter Henry Prince of Wales , and Sir
 John Falstaff ,*

Falstaff.

Now Hal , what time of Day is it , Lad ?

P.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 7

P. Henry. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of old Sack and unbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping upon Benches in the Afternoon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know. What a Devil hast thou to do with the time of the Day? unless Hours were Cups of Sack, and Minutes Capons, and Clocks the Tongues of Bawds, and Dials the Signs of Leaping-Houses; and the blessed Sun himself a fair hot Wench in Flame-colour'd Taffata; I see no Reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous, to demand the time of the Day.

Fal. Indeed you come near me now, *Hal*; For we that take Purses, go by the Moon and seven Stars, and not by *Phæbus*, he, that wandring Knight so fair. And I pray thee, sweet Wag, when thou art King, as God save thy Grace, Majesty I should say, for Grace thou wilt have none.

P. Henry. What! none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serve to be Prologue to an Egg and Butter.

P. Henry. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wag, when thou art King, let not us that are Squires of the Night's Body, be call'd Thieves of the Day's Beauty. Let us be *Diana's* Foresters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moon; and let men say, we be Men of good Government, being governed as the Sea is, by our noble and chast Mistres the Moon, under whose Countenance we steal.

P. Henry. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too; for the Fortune of us that are the Moon's Men, doth ebb and flow like the Sea, being govern'd as the Sea is, by the Moon. As for Proof, now; A Purse of Gold most resolutely snatch'd on Monday Night, and most dissolutely spent on

Tuesday Morning ; got with swearing , Laid by ; and spent with crying , Bring in : Now in as low an Ebb , as the foot of the Ladder ; and by and by in as high a flow as the tide of the Gallows.

Fal. Thou say'st true , Lad : And is not my Hostess of the Tavern a most sweet Wench ?

P. Henry. As is the Honey , my old Lad of the Castle ; and is not a Buff-Jerkin a most sweet Robe of durance ?

Fal. How , how ? How now mad Wag ? What in thy Quips and thy Quiddities ? What a plague have I to do with a Buff-Jerkin ?

P. Henry. Why , what a Pox have I to do with my Hostess of the Tavern ?

Fal. Well , thou hast call'd her to a reckoning many a time and oft .

P. Henry. Did I ever call thee to pay thy Part ?

Fal. No , I'll give thee thy due , thou hast paid all there .

P. Henry. Yea , and elsewhere , so far as my Coin would stretch ; and where it would not , I have us'd my Credit .

Fal. Yea , and so us'd it , that were it here apparent , that thou art Heir apparent — But I prithee sweet Wag , shall there be Gallows standing in *England* when thou art King ? and Resolution thus fobb'd as it is , with the rusty curb of old Father Antick the Law ? Do not thou when thou art a King , hang a Thief .

P. Henry. No , thou shalt .

Fal. Shall I ? O rare ! I'll be a brave Judge .

P. Henry. Thou judgest false already ; I mean , thou shalt have the hanging of the Thieves , and so become a rare Hangman .

Fal. Well , Hal , well ; and in some sort it jumps with my Humour , as well as waiting in the Court , I can tell you .

P. Henry. For obtaining of Suits?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of Suits, whereof the Hangman hath no lean Wardrobe. I am as melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Bear.

P. Henry. Or an old Lion, or a Lover's Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

P. Henry. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholy of Moor-Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most unsavoury Similes, and art indeed the most comparative rascallest sweet young Prince. But, Hal, I prithee trouble me no more with Vanity; I would thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good Names were to be bought: An old Lord of the Council rated me the other Day in the Street, about you, Sir; but I mark'd him not, and yet he talk'd very wisely, but I regard'd him not; and yet he talk'd wisely, and in the Street too.

P. Henry. Thou didst well; for no Man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable Iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harm unto me, Hal, God forgive thee for it. Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now I am, if a Man should speak truly, little better than one of the Wicked. I must give over this Life, and I will give it over; an I do not, I am a Villain. I'll be damned for never a King's Son in Christendom.

P. Henry. Where shall we take a Purse to Mornow, Jack?

Fal. Where thou wilt, Lad, I'll make one; an I do not, call me Villain, and baffle me.

P. Henry. I see a good Amendment of Life in thee, from Praying to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my Vocation, Hal. 'Tis no sin for a Man to labour in his Vocation.

Enter Poins.

Poins. Now shall we know if *Gads-hill* have set a Watch. O, if Men were to be saved by Merit, what Hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent Villain, that ever cry'd, Stand, to a true Man.

P. Henry. Good morrow, *Ned.*

Poins. Good morrow, sweet *Hal*. What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir *John Sack* and *Sugar*? *Tack!* How agrees the Devil and thee about thy Soul, that thou soldest him on *Good-Friday* last, for a Cup of *Madera*, and a cold Capons Leg?

P. Henry. Sir *John* stands to his Word, the Devil shall have his Bargain, for he was never yet a breaker of Proverbs; He will give the Devil his due.

Poins. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy Word with the Devil.

P. Henry. Else he had been damn'd for cozening the Devil.

Poins. But, my Lads, my Lads, to morrow Morning, by four a Clock early at *Gads-Hill*, there are Pilgrims going to *Canterbury* with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to *London* with fat Purses: I have Vizards for you all; you have Horses for your selves; *Gads-Hill* lyes to *Night* in *Rochester*, I have bespoke Supper to morrow in *East-cheap*; we may do it as secure as sleep: If you will go, I will stuff your Purses full of *Crowns*; if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Hear ye *Yedward*, if I tarry at home, and go not, I'll hang you for going.

Poins. You will Chops?

Fal. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

P. Henry. Who, I rob? I a Thief? not I.

Fal. There's neither Honesty, Manhood, nor good

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 11

good Fellowship in thee, nor thou can'st not of the Blood Royal, if thou dar'st not bid stand for ten Shillings.

P. Henry. Well then, once in my Days I'll be a mad cap.

Fal. Why, that's well said.

P. Henry. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

Fal. I'll be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

P. Henry. I care not.

Poins. Sir John, I prithee leave the Prince and me alone, I will lay him down such Reasons for this Adventure, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, may'st thou have the Spirit of Persuasion, and he the Ears of profiting, that what thou speak'st may move, and what he hears may be believed; that the true Prince may, for Recreation sake, prove a false Thief; for the poor Abuses of the time want Countenance. Farewel, you shall find me in *East cheap*.

P. Henry. Farewell the latter Spring. Farewel allhollown Summer. [Exit Fal.

Poins. Now, my good sweet hony Lord, ride with us to morrow. I have a Jest to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falstaff*, *Harvey*, *Roffil*, and *Gads-Hill*, shall rob those Men that we have already way-laid; your self and I will not be there; and when they have the Booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this Head from my Shoulders.

P. Henry. But how shall we part with them in setting forth?

Poins. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a Place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they venture upon the Exploit themselves, which they have no sooner atchiev'd, but we'll set upon them,

P.

P. Henry. Ay but 'tis like that they will know us by our Horses, by our Habits, and by every other Appointment, to be our selves.

Poins. Tut, our Horses they shall not see, I'll tye them in the Wood; our Vizards we will change after we leave them; and Sirrah, I have Cases of Buckram for the nonce to immask our noted outward Garments.

P. Henry. But I doubt they will be too hard for us.

Poins. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true bred Cowards as ever turn'd back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees Reason, I'll forswear Arms. The virtue of this Jest will be, the incomprehensible Lies that this fat Rogue will tell us, when we meet at Supper; how thirty at least he fought with, what Wards, what Blows, what Extremities he endured; and in the Reproof of this, lies the Jest.

P. Henry. Well, I'll go with thee, provide us all things necessary, and meet me to morrow Night in *East-cheap*, there I'll sup, Farewel.

Poins. Farewel, my Lord. [Exit Poins.

P. Henry. I know you all, and will a while uphold

The unyoak'd Humour of your Idleness;
Yet herein will I imitate the Sun.
Who doth permit the base contagious Clouds
To smother up his Beauty from the World;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly Mists
Of Vapours, that did seem to strangle him.
If all the Year were playing Holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But when they seldom come, they wisht-for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 13

So when this loose Behaviour I throw off,
And pay the Debt I never promised;
By how much better than my Word I am,
By so much shall I falsifie Mens Hopes;
And like bright Metal on a sullen Ground
My Reformation glittering o'er my Fault
Shall shew more goodly, and attract more Eyes,
Than that which hath no Soil to set it off.
I'll so offend, to make Offence a Skill,
Redeeming time, when Men think least I will. [Exit.

S C E N E I I I.

Enter King Henry, Northumberland, Worcester, Hot-spur, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King Henry.

My Blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these Indignities,
And you have found me; for accordingly,
You tread upon my Patience: But be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be my self,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my Condition,
Which hath been smooth as Oil, soft as young Down,
And therefore lost the Title of Respect,
Which the proud never pays, but to the proud.

Wor. Our House, my Sovereign Liege, little de-
The Scourge of Greatness to be used on it, [serves
And that same Greatness too, which our own Hands
Have help to make so portly.

North. My Lord.—

K. Henry. Worcester get thee gone, for I do see
Danger and Disobedience in thine Eye.

OSir, your Presence is too bold and peremptory,
And

And Majesty might never yet endure
 The moody Frontier of a Servant Brow ;
 You have good Leave to leave us. When we need
 Your Use and Counsel, we shall send for you.

[Exit Worcester.

You were about to speak.. [To Northumberland.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Those Prisoners in your Highness Name demanded ,
 Which *Harry Percy* here at *Holmedon* took ,
 Were , as he says , not with such Strength deny'd
 As was deliver'd to your Majesty ;
 Who either through Envy , or Misprision ,
 Was guilty of this Fault , and not my Son.

Hot. My Liege , I did deny no Prisoners.

But , I remember when the Fight was done ,
 When I was dry with Rage , and extream Toil ,
 Breathless , and faint , leaning upon my Sword ,
 Came there a certain Lord , neat and trimly dress'd ;
 Fresh as a Bridegrom , and his Chin new reap'd ,
 Shew'd like a Stubble Land at Harvest home.

He was perfumed like a Milliner ,
 And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumb , he held
 A Pouncet Box , which ever and anon
 He gave his Nose , and took't away again ;
 Who therewith angry , when it next came there ,
 Took it in Snuff . And still he smil'd and talk'd ;
 And as the Soldiers bore dead Bodies by ,
 He call'd them untaught Knaves , unmannerly ,
 To bring a slovenly , unhandsome Coarse
 Betwixt the Wind , and his Nobility.

'With many Holiday and Lady Terms
 He question'd me : Among the rest , demanded
 My prisoners , in your Majesty's behalf .
 I then , all smarting with my Wounds , being cold ,
 To be so pestered with a Popingay ,
 Out of my Grief , and my Impatience ,
 Answer'd , neglectingly , I know not what ,

He

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 15

He should or should not ; for he made me mad,
To see him shine so brisk , and smell so sweet ,
And talk so like a waiting-Gentlewoman ,
Of Guns , and Drums , and Wounds ; God save
the Mark ;
And telling me , the Sovereign'st thing on Earth
Was Parmacety , for an inward Bruise ;
And that it was great Pity , so it was ,
That villainous Salt-peter should be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmless Earth ,
Which many a good tall Fellow had destroy'd
So cowardly . And but for these vile Guns ,
He would himself have been a Soldier .
This bald , unjointed Chat of his , my Lord ,
Made me to answer indirectly , as I said .
And I beseech you , let not this Report
Come currant for an Accusation ,
Betwixt my Love and your high Majesty .

Blunt. The Circumstance consider'd , good my
What ever *Harry Percy* , then had said , (Lord ,
To such a Person , and in such a Place ,
At such a Time , with all the rest retold ,
May resonably die , and never rise
To do him wrong , or any way impeach
What then he said , so he unsay it now .

K. Henry. Why yet he doth deny his Prisoners ,
But with Proviso and Exception ,
That we at our own Charge , shall ransom streight
His Brother-in-Law , the foolish *Mortimer* ,
Who , in my Soul , hath wilfully betray'd
The Lives of those , that he did lead to fight ,
Against the great Magician , damn'd *Glendower* ,
Whose Daughter , as we hear , the Earl of *March*
Hath lately marry'd . Shall our Coffers then
Be empty'd , to redeem a Traitor home ?
Shall we buy Treason , and indent with Fears ,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves ?

No;

No ; on the barren Mountains let him starve ;
 For I shall never hold that Man my Friend,
 Whose Tongue shall ask me for one Penny Cost
 To ransom home revolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Revolted *Mortimer* !

He never did fall off, my Sovereign Liege,
 But by the Chance of War ; to prove that true,
 Needs no more but one Tongue, for all those Wounds,
 Those mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he took,
 When on the gentle *Severn's* Sedgie Bank,
 In single Opposition Hand to Hand
 He did confound the best part of an Hour
 In changing Hardiment with great *Glendower* :
 Three times they breath'd, and there times did they
 Upon agreement of swift *Severn's* Flood ; [drink
 Who then affrighted with their bloody Looks,
 Ran fearfully among the trembling Reeds,
 And hid his crisped Head in a hollow Bank,
 Blood-stained with these valiant Combatants.
 Never did base, and rotten Policy
 Colour her working with such deadly Wounds ;
 Nor ever could the noble *Mortimer*
 Receive so many, and all willingly ;
 Then let him not be slander'd with Revolt.

K. Henry. Thou dost belie him, *Percy*, thou
 dost belie him ; tell thee, he durst as well have met the Devil alone,
 As *Owen Glendower* for an Enemy.
 Art thou not ashamed ? But, Sirrah, henceforth
 Let me not hear you speak of *Mortimer*.
 Send me your Prisoners with the speediest Means,
 Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
 As will displease ye. My Lord *Northumberland*
 We licence your Departure with your Son.
 Send us your Prisoners, or you'll hear of it.

[Exit K. Henry.

Hot.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 17

Hot. And if the Devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after streight
And tell him so; for I will ease my Heart,
Although it be with hazard of my Head.

North. What, drunk with Choler? stay and pause
Here comes your Uncle. [a while,

Enter Worcester.

Hot. Speak of *Mortimer*?
Yes, I will speak of him, and let my Soul
Want Mercy, if I do not join with him.
In his behalf, I'll empty all those Veins,
And shed my dear Blood Drop by Drop i'th' Dust,
But I will lift the down fall'n *Mortimer*
As high i'th' Air as this unthankful King,
As this ingrate and cankred *Bullingbroke*.

North. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew
mad. [To Worcester.

Wor. Who strook this Heat up after I was gone?

Hot. He will, forsooth, have all my Prisoners:
And when I urg'd the Ransom once again
Of my Wife's Brother, then his Cheek look'd pale,
And on my Face he turn'd an Eye of Death,
Trembling even at the Name of *Mortimer*.

Wor. I cannot blame him; was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of Blood?

North. He was: I heard the Proclamation;
And then it was, when the unhappy King
(Whose Wrongs in us, God pardon) did set forth
Upon his *Irish* Expedition;
From whence, he intercepted, did return
To be depos'd, and shortly murthered. [Mouth

Wor. And for whose Death, we in the Worlds wide
Live scandaliz'd, and foully spoken of.

Hot. But soft, I pray you; did King *Richard* then
Proclaim my Brother *Mortimer* Heir to the Crown?

North. He did; my self did hear it.

Hot. Nay, then I cannot blame his Cousin King,
That wish'd him on the barren Mountains starv'd.
But shall it be, that you that set the Crown
Upon the Head of this forgetful Man,
And for his sake wore the detested Blot
Of murtherous Subornations? Shall it be,
That you a World of Curses undergo,
Being the Agents, or base second Means,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather?
(O pardon, if that I descend so low,
To shew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle King.)
Shall it for Shame, be spoken in these Days,
Or fill up Chronicles in time to come,
That Men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalfe;
As both of you, God pardon it, have done,
To put down *Richard*, that sweet lovely Rose,
And plant this Thorn, this Canker *Bullingbroke*?
And shall it in more Shame be further spoken,
That you are fool'd, discarded and shook off
By him, for whom these Shames ye underwent?
No; yet Time serves, wherein you may redeem
Your banish'd Honours, and restore your selves
Into the good Thoughts of the World again.
Revenge the jeering and disdain'd Contempt
Of this proud King, who studies Day and Night
To answer all the Debt he owes unto you,
Even with the bloody Payments of your Deaths:
Therefore I say —

Wor. Peace, Cousin, say no more.
And Now I will unclasp a secret Book,
And to your quick conceiving Discontents,
I'll read you Matter, deep and dangerous,
As full of Peril and adventurous Spirit,
As to o'er-walk a Current, roaring loud,

On

On the unstedfast footing of a Spear.

Hot. If he fall in, good night, or sink or swim.
Send Danger from the East unto the West,
So Honour cross in from the North to South,
And let them grapple: The Blood more stirs
To rowze a Lion, than to start a Hare.

North. Imagination of some great Exploit,
Drives him beyond the Bounds of Patience.

Hot. By Heav'n, methinks it were an easie Leap,
To pluck bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moon;
Or dive into the Bottom of the Deep,
Where Fadom-line could never touch the Ground,
And pluck up drowned Honour by the Locks:
So he that doth redeem her thence, might wear
Without Co-rival, all her Dignities;
But out upon this half-fac'd Fellowship.

Wor. He apprehends a world of Figures here,
But not the Form of what he should attend.
Good Cousin give me Audience for a while,
And list to me.

Hot. I cry you Mercy.

Wor. Those same noble Scots
That are your Prisoners —

Hot. I'll keep them all.
By Heav'n, he shall not have a *Scot* of them:
No, if a *Scot* would save his Soul, he shall not.
I'll keep them, by this Hand.

Wor. You start away,
And lend no Ear unto my Purposes
Those Prisoners you shall keep.

Hot. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom *Mortimer*:
Forbad my Tongue to speak of *Mortimer*.
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his Ear I'll holla, *Mortimer*.
Nay, I'll have a Starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and give it him,

To keep his Anger still in Motion.

Wor. Hear you, Cousin: A Word.

Hot. All Studies here I solemnly defie,
Save how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbroke*:
And that same Sword and Buckler, Prince of *Wales*,
But that I think his Father loves him not,
And would be glad he met with some Mischance,
I would have poison'd him with a Pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewel, Kinsman; I'll talk to you
When you are better temper'd to attend. [Fool

North. Why what a wasp-tongu'd and impatient
Art thou, to break into this Woman's Mood,
Tying thine Ear to no Tongue but thine own?

Hot. Why, Look you, I am whipt and scourg'd
with Rods,

Nettled, and stung with Pismires, when I hear
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbroke*.

In *Richard's* time — what d'ye call the Place? —

A Plague upon't — it is in *Glocester shire* —

•Twas where the madcap Duke his Uncle kept,
His Uncle *York* — where I first bow'd my Knee
Unto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbroke*;
When you and he came back from *Ravenspurg*.

North. At *Barkly Castle*.

Hot. You say true:

Why what a gaudy deal of Courtesie
This fawning Greyhound then did proffer me!
Look when his infant Fortune came to Age, —
And gentle *Harry Percy* — and kind Cousin —
O, the the Devil take such Cozeners — God forgive
Good Uncle tell your Tale, for I have done. [me —

Wor. Nay, if you have not, to't again,
We'll stay your Leisure.

Hot. I have done, insooth.

Wor. Then once more to your *Scottish* Prisoners.
Deliver them up without their Ransom streight,
And make the *Dowglass* Son your only Mean
For Power in *Scotland*; which for divers Reasons
Which

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF.

21

Which I shall send you written, be assur'd
Will easily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Son in *Scotland* being thus employ'd,
Shall secretly into the *Bosom* creep
Of that same noble Prelate, well belov'd,
The *Arch-Bishop*.

Hot. Of *York*, is't not?

Wsr. True, who bears hard
His Brother's Death at *Bristol*, the *Lord Scroop*.
I speak not this in Estimation,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the Face
Of that Occasion that shall bring it on.

Hot. I smell it.

Upon my life, it will do wondrous well. [slip.
North. Before the Game's a Foot, thou still lett'st

Hot. Why, it cannot chuse but be a noble Plot,
And then the Power of *Scotland*, and of *York*
To join with *Mortimer*; ha?

Wor. And so they shall.

Hot. In faith it is exceedingly well aim'd.

Wor. And 'tis no little Reason bids us speed,
To save our Heads, by rais'ng of a Head:
For, bear our selves as even as we can,
The King will always think him in our Debt,
And think we think our selves unsatisfy'd,
'Till he hath found a time to pay us home.
And see already, how he doth begin
To make us Strangers to his Looks of Love.

Hot. He does, he does; we'll be reveng'd on him.

Wor. Cousin, farewell. No further go in this,
Than I by Letters shall direct your Course;
When time is ripe which will be suddenly,
I'll steal to *Gendower*, and *Lord Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglass*, and our Powers at once,
As I will fashion it, shall happily meet.

B 3

To

To bear our Fortunes in our own strong Arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty. [I trust.

North. Farewel, good Brother, we shall thrive,
Hot. Uncle, adieu: O let the Hours be short,
'Till Fields, and Blows, and Groans applaud our
Sport. [Exeunt.



A C T. II.

SCENE I.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanthorn in his Hand.

1. Carrier.

H Eigh ho, an't be not four by the Day I'll be
hang'd; Charles wain is over the new Chimney,
and yet our Horse not packt. What, Ostler?

Ost. Anon, anon.

1. Car. I prithee Tom, beat Cuts Saddle, put a
few Flocks in the Point: The poor Jade is wrang
in the Withers, out of all cefs.

Enter another Carrier.

2. Car. Pease and Beans are as dank here as a
Dog, and this is the next way to give poor Jades
the Bots: This House is turn'd upside down, since
Robin the Ostler dy'd.

1. Car. Poor Fellow never joy'd since the Price
of Oats rose, it was the Death of him.

2. Car. I think this is the most villainous House
in all London Road for Fleas: I am stung like a
Tench.

1. Car.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 23

1. *Car.* Like a Tench ! There's ne'er a King in Christendom, could be better bit, than I have been since the first Cock.

2. *Car.* Why, you will allow us ne'er a Jourden, and then we leak in your Chimney : And your Chamberlye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1. *Car.* What Ostler, come away, and be hang'd, come away.

2. *Car.* I have a Gammon of Bacon, and two Razes of Ginger, to be deliver'd as far as *Charing-Cross*.

1. *Car.* The Turkies in my Panniers are quite starv'd. What Ostler ? A Plague on thee, hast thou never an Eye in thy Head ? Canst not hear ? An 'twere not as good a Deed as drink, to break the Pate of thee, I am a very Villain. Come and be hang'd, hast no Faith in thee ?

Enter Gads-Hill.

Gads. Good Morrow, Carriers. What's a Clock ?

Car. I think it be two a Clock.

Gads. I prithee lend my thy Lanthorn, to see my Gelding in the Stable.

1. *Car.* Nay, soft I pray ye, I know a Trick worth two of that.

Gads. I prithee lend me thine.

2. *Car.* Ay, when, canst tell ? Lend me thy Lanthorn, quoth a ! marry I'll see thee hang'd first.

Gads. Sirrah, Carrier, what time do you mean to come to London ?

2. *Car.* Time enough to go to Bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come Neighbour *Mugges*, we'll call up the Gentlemen, they will along with Company, for they have great Charge. [*Ex Carriers.*]

Enter Chamberlain.

Gads. What ho, Chamberlain?

Chamb. At hand, quoth Pick Purse.

Gads. That's even as fair, as at hand, quoth the Chamberlain; for thou variest no more from picking of Purses, than giving Direction doth from labouring. Thou lay'st the Plot, how.

Chamb. Good morrow Master *Gads-bill*, it holds currant that I told you yesternight. There's a Franklin in the wild of *Kent*, hath brought three hundred Marks with him in Gold; I heard him tell it to one of his Company last Night at Supper; a kind of Auditor, one that hath abundance of Charge too, God knows what; they are up already, and call for Eggs and Butter. They will away presently.

Gads. Sirrah, if they meet not with S. *Nicholas* Clarks, I'll give thee this Neck.

Chamb. No, I'll none of it: I prithee keep that for the Hangman; for I know thou worship 'st S. *Nicholas* as truly as a Man of Falshood may.

Gads. What talk'st thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang I'll make a fat Pair of Gallows. For if I hang, old Sir *John* hangs with me, and thou know'st he's no Starveling. Tut, there are other *Trojans* that thou dream'st not of, the which, for Sport sake, are content to do the Profession some Grace; that would, if Matters should be look'd into, for their own Credit sake, make all whole. I am join'd with no Foot-Land-Rakers, no Long-Staff six Penny Strikers, none of those mad Mustachio-purple-hu'd Malt-worms, but with Nobility and Tranquility, Burgomasters, and great Oneyers, such as can hold in; such as will strike sooner than speak; and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet I lye, for they pray continually unto their

their Saint the Common-wealth ; or rather , not pray to her , for they ride up and down on her , and make her their Boots .

Chamb. What , the Commn-wealth their Boots ? Will she hold out Water in foul Way ?

Gads. She will , she will ; Justice hath liquor'd her . We steal , as in a Castle , Cock sure ; we have the Receipt of Fern-seed , we walk invisible .

Chamb. Nay , I think rather , you are more be-holding to the Night , than the Fern-seed , for your walking invisible .

Gads. Give me thy Hand .

Thou shalt have a Share in our Purpose ,
As I am true Man .

Chamb. Nay , rather let me have it , as you are a false Thief .

Gads. Go to , *Homo* is a common Name to all Men . Bid the Ostler bring the Gelding out of the Stable . Farewel , ye muddy Knave . [*Exeunt* .

S C E N E I I .

Enter Prince Henry , Poins and Peto .

Poins.

Come Shelter , Shelter , I have removed *Falstaff*'s Horse , and he frets like a gumm'd Velvet .

P. Henry. Stand close .

Enter Falstaff .

Fal. Poins , Poins , and be hang'd Poins ?

P. Henry. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Rascal ; what a bawling dost thou keep ?

Fal. What Poins ; Hal ?

Prince. He is walk'd up to the Top of the Hill , I'll go seek him .

B 5

Fal.

Fal. I am accurst to rob in that Thief's Company: That Rascal hath remov'd my Horse, and ty'd him I know not where. If I travel but four Foot by the Square further afoot, I shall break my Wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair Death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that Rogue. I have forsworn his Company hourly any time this two and twenty Year, and yet I am bewircht with the Rogue's Company. If the Rascal have not given me Medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk Medicines. *Points, Hal,* a Plague upon you both. *Bardolph, Peto;* I'll starve e're I rob a Foot further. An 'twere not as good a Deed as to drink, to turn True-man, and to leave these Rogues, I am the veriest Varlet that ever chew'd with a Tooth. Eight Yards of uneven Ground, is threescore and ten Miles afoot with me; and the stony hearted Villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when Thieves cannot be true one to another.

[*They whistle.*]

Whew, a Plague light upon you all. Give me my Horse, you Rogues, give me my Horse, and be hang'd.

P. Henry. Peace ye fat Guts, lye down, lay thine Ear close to the Ground, and list if thou can hear the Tread of Travellers.

Fal. Have you any Leavers to lift me up again being down? I'll not bear mine own Flesh so far afoot again, for all the Coin in thy Father's Exchequer. What a Plague mean ye to colt me thus?

P. Henry. Thou lieft, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I prithee, good Prince *Hal*, help me to my Horse, good King's Son.

P. Henry. Out you Rogue, shall I be your Ostler?

Fal.

Fal. Go hang thy self in thy own Heir-apparent Garters ; if I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not Ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy Tunes, let a Cup of Sack be my Poiton : when a Jest is so forward, and afoot too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill and Bardolph.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do against my Will.

Pains. O 'tis our Setter, I know his Voice:

Bardolph. what News ?

Bard. Cale ye, cale ye ; on with your Vizards, there's Mony of the King's coming down the Hill, 'tis going to the King's Exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you Rogue, 'tis going to the King's Tavern.

Gad. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Henry. You four shall front them in the narrow Lane ; Ned and I will walk lower ; if they scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. But how many be of them ?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob us ?

P. Henry. What, a Coward, Sir John Paruch ?

Fal. Indeed I am not John of Gaunt, your Grand-father ; but yet no Coward, Hal.

P. Henry. We'll leave that to the Proof.

Poins. Sirrah, Jack, thy Horse stands behind the Hedge, when thou need'st him, there shalt thou find him ; farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him if I should be hang'd.

P. Henry. Ned, where are our Disguises ?

Poins. Here hard by : Stand close.

Fal. Now my Masters, happy Man be his dole say I : every Man to his Businels.

En-

Enter Travellers.

Trav. Come, Neighbour; the Boy shall lead our Horses down the Hill: We'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our Legs.

Thieves. Stay.

Trav. Jesu bless us.

Fal. Strike; down with them, cut the Villains Throats; ah! whorson Caterpillars; Bacon-fed Knaves, they hate us Youth; down with them, fleece them.

Trav. O, we are undone, both we and ours for ever.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellyed Knaves, are you undone? No ye fat Chuffs, I would your store were here. On Bacons on, what ye Knaves? Young Men must live: you are Grand Jurors? We'll jure ye i'faith. [Here they rob them and bind them, and then Exeunt.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Henry. The Thieves have bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Thieves and go merrily to London, it would be Argument for a Week, Laughter for a Month, and a good Jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Enter Thieves again.

Fal. Come my Masters, let us share, and then to Horse before Day; an the Prince and Poins be not two arrant Cowards, there's no equity stirring. There's no more Valour in that Poins, than in a wild Duck.

P. Henry. Your Mony.

Poins.

Poins. Villains.

[As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. They all runaway, leaving the Booty behind them.

P. Henry. Got with much ease. Now merrily to Horse: The Thieves are scattered, and possesst with fear so strongly, that they dare not meet; each other; each takes his Fellow for an Officer. Away good Ned, Falstaff sweat to Death, and Lards the lean Earth as he walks along; wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.

Poins. How the Rogue roar'd.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E I I I.

Enter Hot-spur *solus*, reading a Letter.

But for mine own Part, my Lord I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your House. He could be contented: Why is he not then? In respect of the love he bears our House—He shews in this, he loves his own Barn better than he loves our House. Let me see some more. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous.* Why that's certain: 'Tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but I tell you, my Lord Fool, out of this Nettle, Danger; we pluck this Flower, Safety. *The purpose you undertake is dangerous, the Friends you have named uncertain, the time it self unsorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counperpoize of so great an Opposition.* Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow cowardly Hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this? I protest, our Plot is as good a Plot as ever was laid; our Friends true and constant: A good Plot, good Friends, and full of Expectation. An excellent Plot, very good Friends. What a Frosty-spirited Rogue is this? Why, my Lord of York commends

mends the Plot, and the general Course of the Action. By this Hand, if I were now by this Rascal, I could brain him with his Lady's Fan. Is there not my Father, my Uncle, and my self, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of York, and Owen Glendower? Is there not besides, the Dowglass? Have I not all their Letters, to meet me in Arms by the ninth of the next Month? And are there not some of them set forward already? What a Pagan Rascal is this? An Infidel. Ha! you shall see now in very sincerity of Fear and cold Heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our Proceedings. O, I could divide my self, and go to buffets, for moving such a Dish of Skim'd-Milk with so honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will set forwards to night.

Enter Lady Percy.

How now, *Kate*! I must leave you within these
two Hours.

Lady. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone? For what Offence have I this Fortnight been A banish'd Woman from my Harry's Bed? Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee Thy Stomach, Pleasure, and thy golden Sleep? Why dost thou bend thy Eyes upon the Earth? And start so often when thou sitt'st alone? Why hast thou lost the fresh Blood in thy Cheeks? And given my Treasures and my Rights of thee, To thick-ey'd Musing, and curst Melancholly? In thy faint Slumbers, I by thee have watcht, And heard thee murmur Tales of Iron Wars: Speak terms of manage to thy bounding Steed, Cry Courage to the Field. And thou hast talk'd Of Sallies, and Reires, Trenches, and Tents,

Of

Of Palisadoes , Frontiers , Parapets ;
Of Basilisks , of Cannon , Culverin ,
Of Prisoners Ransom , and of Soldiers slain ,
And all the current of a heady fight .
Thy Spirit within thee hath been so at War ,
And thus hath so bestirr'd thee in thy Sleep ,
That Beds of Sweat have stood upon thy Brow ,
Like Bubbles in a late disturbed Stream ;
And in thy Face strange motions have appear'd ,
Such as we see when Men restrain their Breath ,
On some great sudden haste . O what Portents are
these ?

Some heavy Business hath my Lord in Hand ,
And I must know it ; else he loves me not .

Hot. What ho ; is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone ?

Enter Servant.

Serv. He is , my Lord , an Hour agone ,

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought those Horses from
the Sheriff ?

Serv. One Horse , my Lord , he brought even now .

Hot. What Horse ? A Roan , a Crop-eat , is it not ?

Serv. It is , my Lord .

Hot. That Roan shall be my Throne . Well , I
will back him streight . *Esperance* , bid *Butler* lead
him forth into the Park .

Lady. But hear you , my Lord ?

Hot. What say'ft thou , my Lady ?

Lady. What is it that carries you away ?

Hot. Why , my Horse , my Love , my Horse .

Lady. Out you mad-headed Ape , a Weazel hath
not such a deal of Spleen , as you are tost with . In
sooth I'll know your Business , Harry , that I will .
I fear my Brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his Title ,
and hath sent for you to line his Enterprise . But
if you go —

Hot.

Hot. So far afoot, I shall be weary, Love.

Lady. Come, come, you Pataquito, answer me directly unto this Question, that I shall ask. Indeed I'll break thy little Finger, if thou wilt not tell me true.

Hot. Away, away, you Trifler: Love! I love thee not,

I care not for thee, *Kate*; this is no World To play with Mammets, and to tilt with Lips. We must have bloody Noses, and crack'd Crowns, And pass them currant—Gods me, my Horse. What say'st thou, *Kate*? What would'st thou have with me?

Lady. Do ye not love me? Do you not indeed? Well, do not then. For since you love me not, I will not love my self. Do you not love me? Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in jest or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou see me ride? And when I am a Horse-back, I will swear I love thee infinitely. But hark you, *Kate*, I must not have you henceforth question me, Whither I go; nor reason whereabout. Whither I must, I must; and to conclude, This Evening must I leave thee, gentle *Kate*. I know you wise, but yet no further wise Then Harry Percy's Wife. Constant you are, But yet a Woman; and for Secresie, No Lady closer: For I will believe, Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know; And so fat will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

Lady. How so far?

Hot. Not an Inch further. But hark you *Kate*, Whither I go, thither shall you go too: To Day will I set forth, to morrow you. Will this content you *Kate*?

Lady. It must of force.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E-

S C E N E I V.

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince Henry.

Ned, prethee come out of that fat room, and end me thy Hand to laugh a little.

Poins. Where hast been, Hal?

P. Henry. With three or four Loggerheads, amongst three or fourscore Hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of Humility. Sirrah, I am sworn Brother to a Leah of Drawers, and can call them by their Names, as *Tom*, *Dick*, and *Francis*. They take it already upon their Confidence, that though I be but Prince of *Wales*, yet I am the King of *Curtesie*; telling me flatly, I am not proud like *Jack Falstaff*, but a *Corinthian*, a Lad of mettle, a good Boy; and when I am King of *England*, I shall command all the good Lads in *Eastcheap*. They call drinking deep, dying *Scarlet*; and when you break in your watring, then they cry *Pem*, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a Proficient in one quarter of an Hour, that I can drink with any Tinker in his own Language during my Life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much Honour, that thou wert not with me in this Action; but sweet Ned, to sweeten which Name of Ned, I give thee this Pennyworth of Sugar, clapt even now into my Hand by an under Skinker, one that never spake other *Eng'ish* in his Life, then *Eight Shillings and Six Pence*, and, You are welcome Sir: With this shrill Addition, *Anon Sir*, *Anon Sir*, *Score a Pint of Bastard in the Half Moon*, or so. But Ned, to drive away time 'till Falstaff come, I prethee do thou stand in some by-Room, while I

question my puny Drawer, to what end he gave me the Sugar, and do never leave calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, *Anon*: Step aside, and I'll shew thee a president.

Poins. Francis!

P. Henry. Thou art perfect.

Poins. Francis!

Enter Francis the Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon Sir; look down into the Pomgranet, *Ralph*.

P. Henry. Come hither, Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. How long hast thou to serve, Francis?

Fran. Forsooth five Years, and as much as to—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

P. Henry. Five Years; Berlady, a long Lease for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the Coward with thy Indenture, and shew it a fair pair of Heels, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I'll be sworn upon all the Books in England, I could find in my Heart—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon, anon Sir.

P. Henry. How old art thou, Francis?

Fran. Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shall be—

Poins. Francis!

Fran. Anon Sir; pray you stay a little, my Lord.

P. Henry. Nay, but hark you Francis, for the Sugar thou gavest me, 'twas a Pennyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, I would it had been two.

P. Henry. I will give thee for it a thousand Pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

Poins:

Poins. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

P. Henry. Anon, Francis? No, Francis, but to-morrow Francis; or Francis, on Thursday, or indeed Francis, when thou wilt. But Francis?

Fran. My Lord.

P. Henry. Wilt thou rob this leathern Jerkin, Christal Button, Not-pated, Aga-tring, Pukestocking, Caddice-Garter, Smooth-tongue, Spanish Pouch?

Fran. O Lord, Sir, who do you mean?

P. Henry. Why then your brown Bastard is your only Drink; for look you, Francis, your white Canvas Doublet will felly. In Barbary, Sir, it cannot come to so much.

Fran. What, Sir?

Poins. Francis!

(them call?)

P. Henry. Away you Rogue, dost thou hear [Here they both call, the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the Guest within: My Lord, old Sir John with half a Dozen more are at the Door; shall I let them in?

P. Henry. Let them alone a while, and then open the Door.—Poins!

Enter Poins.

Poins. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the Thieves are at the Door; shall we be merry?

Poins. As merry as Crickets my Lad. But hark ye, what cunning Match have you made with this Jest of the Drawer? Come, what's the Issue?

36 K. HENRY IV. &

P. Henry. I am now of all Humours, that have shew'd themselves Humours, since the old Days of Goodman *Adam*, to the Pupil Age of this present twelve a Clock at Midnight.

What's a Clock, *Francis*?

Fran. Anon, anon, Sir.

P. Henry. That ever this Fellow should have fewer Words than a Parrot, and yet the Son of a Woman. His Industry is up Stairs and down Stairs; his Eloquence the parcell of a Reckoning. I am not yet of *Percy's* Mind, the Hot-spur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven Dozen of *Scots* at a Breakfast, washes his Hands and says to his Wife, Fie upon this quiet Life, I want Work. O my sweet *Harry*, says she, how many hast thou kill'd to Day? Give my roan Horse a Drench, says he, and answets, some fourteen, an Hour after; a Trifle, a Trifle. I prithee call in *Falstaff*, I'll play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawn shall play Dame *Mortimer* his Wife. Rivo, says the Drunkard. Call in Ribs; call in Tallow.

Enter *Falstaff*.

Poins. Welcome *Jack*, where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards, I say, and a Vengeance too, marry and *Amen*. Give me a Cup of Sack, Boy. E'er I lead this Life long, I'll sow nether-Socks, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Give me a Cup of Sack, Rogue. Is there no Virtue extant?

P. Henry. Didst thou never see *Titan* kiss a Dish of Butter, pitiful hearted *Titan*, that melted at the sweet Tale of the Sun? If thou didst, then behold that Compound.

Fal. You Rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too; there is nothing but Roguery to be found in villainous

Man

Man; yet a Coward is worse than a Cup of Sack with Lime. A villainous Coward — go thy ways old *Jack*, die when thou wilt, if Manhood, good Manhood be not forgot upon the Face of the Earth, then am I a shotten Herring: There lives not three good Men unhang'd in *England*, and one of them is fat, and grows old, God help the while, a bad World I say. I would I were a Weaver, I could sing all manner of Songs. A plague of all Cowards, I say still.

P. Henry. How now *Wooljack*, what mutter you?

Fal. A King's Son? If I do not beat thee out of thy Kingdom with a Dagger of Lath, and drive all thy Subjects afore thee like a Flock of wild Geese, I'll never wear Hair on my Face more. You Prince of *Wales*!

P. Henry. Why you horson round Man! What's the Matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Answer me to that, and *Poins* there?

P. Henry. Ye fat Paunch, an ye call me Coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward! I'll see thee damn'd e'er I call thee Coward; but I would give a thousand Pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the Shoulders, you care not who sees your Back: Call you that backing of your Friends? a plague upon such backing; give me them that will face me. Give me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunk to Day.

P. Henry. O Villain, thy Lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. [He drinks.]
A plague on all Cowards, still, say I.

P. Henry. What's the Matter?
Fal. What's the Matter! here be four of us, have ta'en a thousand Pound this Morning.

P. Henry. Where is it *Jack*? Where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from us, it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, Man?

Fal. I am a Rogue, if I were not at half Sword with a Dozen of them two Hours together. I have escap'd by Miracle. I am eight times thrust through the Doublet, four through the Hose, my Buckler eat through and through, my Sword hack'd like a Hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a Man; all would not do. A Plague on all Cowards — Let them speak; if they speak more or less than Truth, they are Villains and the Sons of Darkness.

P. Henry. Speak Sirs, how was it?

Gads. We four set upon some Dozen.

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my Lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You Rogue they were bound, every Man of them, or I am a *few* else, an *Ebrew* *few*.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh Men set upon us.

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What, fought ye with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what ye call All; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a Bunch of Radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old *Jack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poins. Pray Heav'n, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for. I have pepper'd two of them; two I am sure I have pay'd, two Rogues in Buckram Suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a Lie, spit in my Face, call me Horse;

Horse ; thou know'st my old Word ; here I lay ,
and thus I bore my Point ; four Rogues in Buckram
let drive at me .

P. Henry. What , four ? thou saidst but two ,
even now .

Fal. Four Hal , I told thee four .

Poins. Ay , Ay , he said four .

Fal. These four came all a-front , and mainly
thrust at me : I made no more ado , but took all
their seven Points in my Target , thus .

P. Henry. Seven ? why there were but four ,
even now .

Fal. In Buckram .

Poins. Ay , four , in Buckram Suits .

Fal. Seven , by these Hilts , or I am a Villain else .

P. Henry. Prithee let him alone , we shall have
more anon .

Fal. Dost thou hear me , Hal ?

P. Henry. Ay , and mark thee too , Jack .

Fal. Do so , for it is worth the listning too : These
nine in Buckram , that I told thee of —

P. Henry. So , two more already .

Fal. Their Points being broken —

Poins. Down fell his Hose .

Fal. Began to give me Ground ; but I follow'd
me close , came in Foot and Hand ; and with a
Thought seven of the eleven I pay'd .

P. Henry. O monstrous ! Eleven Buckram Men
grown out of two !

Fal. But as the Devil would have it , three mis-
begotten Knaves , in Kendal Green , came at my
Back , and let drive at me ; for it was so dark ,
Hal , that thou couldst not see thy Hand .

P. Henry. These Lies are like the Father that
begets them , gross as a Mountain , open , palpable . Why thou Claybrain'd Guts , thou Knotty-pated
Foot , thou Hoison obscne greasie Tallow Catch .

Fal. What, art thou mad? Art thou mad? Is not the Truth, the Truth?

P. Henry. Why, how coul'dst thou know these Men in *Kendal Green*, when it was so dark, thou could'st not see thy Hand? Come tell us your Reason: What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your Reason, *Jack*, your Reason?

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the *Strappado*, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on Compulsion. Give you a Reason on compulsion! If Reasons were as plenty as Black-Berries, I would give no Man a reason upon Compulsion, I.

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this Sin. This sanguine Coward, this Bed-presler, this Horseback-breaker, this huge Hill of Flesh.

Fal. Away you Starveling, you Elf-skin, you dry'd Neats-Tongue, Bull-pissel, you Stock-fish: O for Breath to utter. What is like thee? You Tailor's Yard, you Sheath, you Bow-Case, you vile standing Tuck.

P. Henry. Well, breath a while, and then to't again; and when thou hast tyr'd thy self in base Comparisons, hear me speak but thus.

Poins. Mark *Jack*.

P. Henry. We two, saw you four set on four and bound them, and were Masters of their Wealth: Mark now, how a plain Tale shall put yow down. Then did we two set on you four, and with a Word, outfac'd you from your Prize, and have it; yea and can shew it you in the House. And *Falstaff*, you carry'd your Guts away as nimbly, with as quick Dexterity, and roar'd for Mercy, and still ran and roar'd, as ever I heard Bull-Calf. What a Slave art thou, to hack thy Sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight? What Trick? What Device? What starting Hole canst thou

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF.

41

thou now find out , to hide thee from this open
and apparent Shame ?

Poins. Come , let's hear *Zack* : What Trick hast
thou now ?

Fal. I knew ye , as well as he that made ye .
Why hear ye my Masters , was it for me to kill
the Heir apparent ? Should I turn upon the true
Prince ? Why , thou knowest I am as valiant as
Hercules ; but beware *Instinct* , the Lion will not
touch the true Prince : *Instinct* , is a great Matter .
I was a Coward on *Instinct* : I shall think the
better of my self , and thee , during my Life ; I
for a valiant Lion , and thou for a true Prince .
But Lads , I am glad you have the Mony . Hostess ,
clap too the Doors ; watch to Night , pray to Mor-
row . Gallants , Lads , Boys , Hearts of Gold , all
the good Titles of Fellowship come to you . What ,
shall we be merry ? Shall we have a Play ex-
tempore ?

P. Henry. Content , and the Argument shall be ,
thy running away .

Fal. Ah ! no more of that *Hal* , if thou lovest me .

Enter Hostess.

Host. My Lord the Prince !

P. Henry. How now , my Lady the Hostess ,
what say' st thou to me ?

Host. Marry , my Lord , there is a Nobleman
of the Court at Door would speak with you ; he
says he comes from your Father .

P. Henry. Give him as much as will make him
a royal Man , and send him back again to my
Mother .

Fal. What manner of Man is he ?

Host. An old Man .

Fal. What doth Gravity out of his Bed at Mid-

night? Shall I give him his Answer?

P. Henry. Prithee do, *Jack*.

Fal. Faith and I'll send him packing. [Exit.

P. Henry. Now Sirs, you fought fair; so did you *Peto*, so did you *Bardolf*; you are Lions too, you ran away upon Instinct; you will not touch the true Prince, no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ran when I saw others run.

P. Henry. Tell me now in earnest; how came *Falstaff's* Sword so hacket?

Peto. Why, he hackett it with his Dagger, and said, he would swear Truth out of all *England*, but he would make you believe it was done in fight; and persuaded us to do the like.

Bard. Yea, and tickle our Noses with Spear-grafs, to make them bleed, and then beslobber our Garments with it, and swear it was the Blood of true Men. I did that I did not these seven Years before, I blush'd to hear his monstrous Devices.

P. Henry. O Villain, thou stoltest a Cup of Sack eighteen Years ago, and were taken with the Manner, and ever since thou hast blush'd extempore; thou hadst Fire and Sword on thy Side, and yet thou rannest away: What instinct hadst thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, do you see these Meteors? Do you behold these Exhalations?

P. Henry. I do.

Bard. What think you they portend?

P. Henry. Hot Livers, and cold Purses.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

P. Henry. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter *Falstaff*.

Here comes lean *Jack*, here comes Bare-bone. How now my sweet Creature of Bombast, how long

long is't ago, *Jack*, since thou saw'st thine own
Knee?

Fal. My own Knee? When I was about thy
Years, *Hal*, I was not an Eagle's Talon in the
Waste, I could have crept into any Alderman's
Thumb-Ring: A plague of Sighing and Grief, it
blows a Man up like a Bladder. There's villainous
News abroad: Here was Sir *John Braby* from
your Father; you must go to the Court in the
Morning. The same mad Fellow of the North,
Percy; and he of *Wales*, that gave *Amamon* the
Bastinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and swore
the Devil his true Liege-Man upon the Cross of a
Welsh-hawk: What a plague call you him?

Poins. O, *Gleudowen*.

Fal. *Owen*, *Owen*; the same, and his Son-in-
law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the
sprightly *Scots of Scots*, *Douglases*, that runs a Horse-
back up a Hill perpendicular.

P. Henry. He that rides at high speed, and with
a Pistol kills a Sparrow flying?

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Henry. So did he never the Sparrow.

Fal. Well, that Rascal hath good Metal in him,
he will not run.

P. Henry. Why, what a Rascal art thou then,
to praise him so for running?

Fal. A Horseback, ye Cuckow, but afoot he
will not budge afoot.

P. Henry. Yes, *Jack*, upon Instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon Instinct: Well, he is
there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thousand blew-
Caps more. *Worcester* is stoll'n away by Night:
Thy Father's Beard is turn'd white with the News:
You may buy Land now as cheap as stinking Mac-
kerel.

P. Henry. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot
Sun,

Sun, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy Maidenheads as they buy Hob-nails, by the Hundreds.

Fal. By the Mass, Lad, thou say'st true, it is like we shall have good trading that Way. But tell me, *Hal*, art not thou horribly afraid? thou being Heir apparent, could the World pick thee out three such Enemies again, as that Fiend *Dowglass*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Devil *Glendower*? Art thou not horribly afraid? Doth not thy Blood thrill at it?

P. Henry. Not a whit: I lack some of thy Instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to morrow, when thou com'st to thy Father: If thou do love me, practise an Answer.

P. Henry. Do thou stand for my Father, and examine me upon the Particulars of my Life.

Fal. Shall I? content: This Chair shall be my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cushion my Crown.

P. Henry. Thy State is taken for a joint-Stool, thy golden Scepter for a leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crown for a pitifull bald Crown.

Fal. Well, an the Fire of Grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a Cup of Sack to make mine Eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in King *Cambyses* Vein.

P. Henry. Well, here is my Leg.

Fal. And here is my Speech; stand aside Nobility.

Host. This is excellent Sport, i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet Queen, for trickling Tears are vain.

Host. O the Father, how he holds his Countenance?

Fal. For God's sake, Lords, convey my tristful Queen, for Tears do stop the Flood-gates of her Eyes.

Host.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 45

Host. O rare, he doth it as like one of these harlotry Players, as ever I see.

Fal. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Ticklebrain. *Harry*, I do, not only marvel, where thou spendest thy time; but also, how thou art accompany'd: For though the Camomil, the more it is trodden, the faster it grows; yet Youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. Thou art my Son; I have partly thy Mother's Word, partly my Opinion? but chiefly, a villainous Trick of thine Eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether Lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Son to me, here lyeth the Point; why, being Son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed Son of Heav'n prove a Micher, and eat Black-berries? a Question not to be ask'd. Shall the Son of *England* prove a Thief, and take Purses? a Question to be ask'd. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: This Pitch, as ancient Writers do report, doth defile; so doth the Company thou keepest; for *Harry*, now I do not speak to thee in Drink, but in Tears; not in Pleasure, but in Passion; not in Words only, but in Woes also: and yet there is a virtuous Man, whom I have often noted in thy Company, but I know not his Name.

P. Henry. What manner of Man, an it like your Majesty?

Fal. A goodly portly Man i'faith, and corpulent, of a cheerful Look, a pleasing Eye, and a most noble Carriage, and as I think, his Age some fifty, or, by'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: If that Man should be lewdly given, he deceives me; for *Harry*, I see Virtue in his Looks. If then the

Tree

Tree may be known by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I speak it, there is Virtue in that Falstaff; him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty Varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this Month?

P. Henry. Dost thou speak like a King? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my Father.

Fal. Depose me! if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in Word and Matter, hang me up by the Heels for a Rabbet-sucker, or a Poulterers Hare.

P. Henry. Well, here I am set.

Fal. And here I stand; judge, my Masters.

P. Henry. Now Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord from Eastcheap.

P. Henry. The Complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

Fal. I faith, my Lord, they are false. Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young Prince.

P. Henry. Swearest thou, ungracious Boy? Henceforth ne'er look on me; thou art violently carry'd away from Grace; there's a Devil haunts thee, in the likeness of a fat old Man; a Tun of Man is thy Companion: Why dost thou converse with that Trunk of Humours, that Bouking-Hutch of Beastliness, that swoln Parcel of Drop-sies, that huge Bombard of Sack, that stuft Cloak-bag of Guts, that rosted Manning-Tree Ox wirth the Puddings in his Belly, that reverend Vice, that grey Iniquity, that Father Russian, that Vanity in Years; wherein is he good, but to taste Sack and drink it? Wherein neat and cleanly, but to carve a Capon and eat it? Wherein cunning, but in Craft? Wherein crafty, but in Villany? wherein villainous but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your Grace would take me with you:

you: What means your Grace?

P. Henry. That villainous abominable Mis-leader of Youth Falstaff, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the Man I knew.

P. Henry. I know thou dost.

Fal. But to say, I know more harm in him than in my self, were to say more than I know. That he is old the more's the pity, his white Hairs do witness it; But that he is, saving your Reverence, a Whore-master, that I utterly deny. If Sack and Sugar be a Fault, Heav'n help the Wicked: If to be old and merry, be a Sin, then many a Host that I know is damn'd: If to be fat, be to be hated, then Pharoah's lean King ate to be lov'd. No, my good Lord, banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being as he is old Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's Company, banish not him thy Harry's Company; banish plump Jack, and banish all the World.

P. Henry. I do, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriff with a most monstrous Watch, is at the Door.

Fal. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Enter the Hostess.

Host. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the Devil rides upon a Fiddle-stick: What's the Matter?

Host. The Sheriff and all the Watch are at the Door:

Door: they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? never call a true Piece of Gold a Counterfeit: Thou art essentially mad, without seeming so.

P. Henry. And thou a natural Coward, without Instinct.

Fal. I deny your *Major*; if you will deny the Sheriff, so; if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another Man, a plague on my bringing up; I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a Halter, as another.

P. Henry. Go hide thee behind the Arras, the rest walk above. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

Fal. Both which I have had; but their Date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, Bardolph, &c.*]

P. Henry. Call in the Sheriff.

Enter Sheriff and the Carrier.

P. Henry. Now Master Sheriff, what is your Will with me?

Sher. First, pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath follow'd certain Men unto this House.

P. Henry. What Men?

Sher. One of them is well known, my gracious Lord, a gross fat Man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

P. Henry. The Man, I do assure you is not here, For I my self at this time have employ'd him; And, Sheriff, I will engage my Word to thee, That I will, by to Morrow Dinner time, Send him to answer thee, or any Man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withal: And so let me intreat you leave the House.

Sher.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 49

Sher. I will, my Lord; there are two Gentlemen
Have in this Robbery lost three hundred Marks.

P. Henry. It may be so; if he have robb'd
these Men,

He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

Sher. Good Night, my noble Lord.

P. Henry. I think it is good Morrow, is it not?

Sher. Indeed, my Lord, I think it be two a
Clock. [Exit.

P. Henry. This oily Rascal is known as well as
Pauls; go call him forth.

Peto. Falstaff? Fast asleep behind the Arras, and
snorting like a Horse.

P. Henry. Hark, how hard he fetches his Breath;
search his Pockets.

[He searcheth his Pockets, and findeth certain Papers.

P. Henry. What hast thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

P. Henry. Let's see, what be they? read them.

Peto. Item, a Capon; 25. s. 2 d.

Item, Sawce, 4 d.

Item, Sack, two Gallons, 5 s. 4 d.

Item, Anchoves and Sack after Supper, 2 s. 6 d.

Item, Bread, ob.

P. Henry. O monstrous, but one half Penny-
worth of Bread to this intolerable deal of Sack?
What there is else, keep close, we'll read it at
more advantage, there let him sleep 'till Day. I'll
to the Court in the Morning: We must all to the
Wars, and thy Place shall be honourable. I'll
procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I
know his Death will be a March of Twelvescore.
The Money shall be paid back again with Advan-
tage. Be with me betimes in the Morning; and
so good morrow, *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. [Exeunt.



A C T . I I I .

S C E N E . I .

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Mortimer.

These Promises are fair, the Parties sure,
And our Induction full of prosperous hope.

Hot. Lord Mortimer, and Cousin Glendower,
Will you sit down?

And Uncle Worcester — A plague upon it,
I have forgot the Map.

Glend. No, here it is;
Sit Cousin Percy, sit good Cousin Hotspur:
For by that Name, as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his Cheeks look pale, and
with

A rising sigh, he wisheth you in Heav'n.

Hot. And you in Hell, as oft as he hears Owen
Glendower spoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him; at my Nativity,
The front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes,
Of burning Crescents; and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hot. Why so it would have done at the same
Season, if your Mother's Cat had but kitten'd,
though your self had never been born.

Glend. I say the Earth did shake when I was born.

Hot. And I say the Earth was not of my Mind:
If

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 51

If you suppose, as fearing you, it shook.

Glend. The Heavens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hot. Oh, then the Earth shook to see the Heavens on fire,

And not in fear of your Nativity.

Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange Eruptions; and the teeming Earth

Is with a kind of Cholick pinch'd and vex'd,

By the imprisoning of unruly Wind

Within her Womb; which for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old Beldam Earth, and tumbles down

Steeple's, and moss-grown Towers. At your Birth,

Our Grandam Earth, having this Distemperature,
In passion shook.

Glend. Cousin; of many Men

I do not bear these Crossings: Give me leave

To tell you once again, that at my Birth

The front of Heav'n was full of fiery Shapes;

The Goats ran from the Mountains, and the Herds

Were strangely clamorous to the frighted Fields:

These Signs have mark'd me extraordinary,

And all the Courses of my Life do shew,

I am not in the Roll of common Men.

Where is the Living, clipt in with the Sea,

That chides the Banks of *England, Scotland, Wales,*

Which calls me Pupil, or hath read to me?

And bring him out, that is but Woman's Son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of Art,

And hold me pace in deep Experiments.

Hot. I think there's no Man speaks better *Welsh.*
I'll to dinner.

Mort. Peace, Cousin *Percy*, you will make him

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vasty Deep.

Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any Man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Cousin, to command the Devil.

Hot. And I can teach thee, Cousin, to shame the Devil,

By telling Truth, and shame the Devil.
If thou have Power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have Power to shame him hence.
Oh, while you live, tell Truth, and shame the Devil.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this unprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbroke* made Against my Power; thrice from the Banks of *Wye*, And Sandy-bottom'd *Severn*, have I sent him, Bootless home, and Weather-beaten back.

Hot. Home, without Boots, and in foul Weather too?

How scapes he Agues in the Devil's Name?

Glend. Come, here's the Map: Shall we divide our Right,

According to our threefold ordet ta'en?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath divided it Into three Limits, very equally: *England*, from *Trent*, and *Severn* hitherto, By South and East, is to my part assign'd: All Westward, *Wales*, beyond the *Severn* shore, And all the fertile Land within that bound, To *Owen Glendower*; and dear Coz to you The remnant Northward, lying off from *Trent*. And our Indentures Tripartite are drawn: Which being sealed interchangeably; A Busineſſ that this Night may execute, To morrow, Cousin *Percy*, you and I, And my good Lord of *Worceſter*, will set forth, To meet your Father, and the *Scottiſh* Power, As is appointed us at *Shrewsbury*. My Father *Glendower* is not ready yet, Nor shall we need his help these fourteen Days: Within

SR. JOHN FALSTAFF. 53

Within that space, you may have drawn together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, Lords :
And in my Conduct shall your Ladies come,
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave,
For there will be a World of Water shed,
Upon the parting of your Wives and you.

Hot. Methinks my Moity, north from *Burton* here,
In quantity equals not one of yours :
See, how this River comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my Land,
A huge half Moon, a monstrous Cantle out.
I'll have the Current in this place damn'd up:
And here the smug, and Silver *Trent* shall run
In a new Channel, fair and evenly :
It shall not wind with such a deep Indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.

Glend. Not wind ? It shall, it must, you see it doth.

Mort. Yea, but mark how he bends his Course,
And runs me up, withlike advantage on the other side,
Gelding the opposed Continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.

Wor. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here;
And on this North side win this Cape of Land,
And then he runs straight and even.

Hot. I'll have it so, a little Charge will do it.

Glend. I'll not have it alter'd.

Hot. Will not you ?

Glend. No, nor you shall not.

Hot. Who shall say me nay ?

Glend. Why, that will I. (in *Welsh*.)

Hot. Let me not understand you then, speak it

Glend. I can speak *English*, Lord, as well as you.
For I was train'd up in the *English* Court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harp
Many an *English* Ditty, lovely well,
And gave the Tongue a helpful Ornament;

A Virtue that was never seen in you.

Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my Heart.
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Than one of these same Meeter-ballad-mongers.
I had rather hear a Brazen Candlestick tun'd,
Or a dry Wheel grate on the Axel-tree,
And that would set my Teeth on Edge,
Nothing so much as mincing Poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd Gate of a shuffling Nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have *Trent* turn'd.

Hot. I do not care; I'll give thrice so much Land
To any well-deserving Friend;
But in the way of Bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a Hair.
Are the Indentures drawn? Shall we be gone?

Glend. The Moon shines fair,
You may away by Night:
I'll haste the Writer; and withal,
Break with your Wives, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will run mad.
So much she doteh on her *Mortimer*. [Exit.

Mort. Fie, Cousin *Percy*, how you cross my Father.

Hot. I cannot chuse; sometimes he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finnleſs Fish,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Raven,
A couching Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble Stuff,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me up last Night, at least nine Hours,
In reck'ning up the several Devils Names,
That were his Lackeys:
I cry'd hum, and well, go too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tired Horse, or as a railling Wife,
Worse than a smoaky House. I had rather live
With

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 55

With Cheese and Garlick in a Windmill far,
Than feed on Cates, and have him talk to me,
In any Summer-house in Christendom.

Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman?
Exceeding ly well read, and profited,
In strange Concealments: Valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As Mines of *India*. Shall I tell you, Cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself, even of his natural Scope,
When you do cross his Humour; 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that Man is not alive,
Might so have tempted him, as you have done,
Without the taste of danger, and reproof:
But do not use it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilful blame,
And since your coming hither, have done enough,
To put him quite besides his Patience:
You must needs leavn, Lord, to amend this fault;
Though sometimes it shew Greatness, Courage,
And that's the dearest grace it renders you; [Blood,
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Government,
Pride, Haughtiness, Opinion, and Disdain:
The least of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loileth Mens Hearts, and leaves behind a Stain
Upon the Beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of Commendations.

Hot. Well, I am school'd:
Good-manners be your speed;
Here come our Wives, and let us take our leave.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly spight that angers me,
My Wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.

Glend. My Daughter weeps, she will not part with
She'll be a Soldier too, she'll to the Wars. [you,

Mort. Good Father tell her, that she and my Aunt
Shall follow in your Conduct speedily. [Percy

[Glendower speaks to her Welsh, and she answers
him in the same.

Glend. She is desperate here:
A peevish self-will'd Harlotry,
One that Perswasion can do no good upon.

[*The Lady speaks in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy Looks; that pretty Welsh,
Which thou powr'it down from these swelling
I am too perfect in; And but for shame, (Heav'ns
In such a Party should I answer thee.

[*The Lady again in Welsh.*

Mort. I understand thy Kisses, and thou mine,
And that's a feeble Disputation:
But I will never be a Truant, Love,
'Till I have learn'd thy Language: For thy Tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a fair Queen in a Summer's Bower,
With ravishing Division to her Lute.

Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad.

[*The Lady speaks again in Welsh.*

Mort. O, I am ignorance it self in this.

Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle Head upon her Lap,
And she will sing the Song that pleaseth you,
And on your Eye Lids Crown the God of Sleep,
Charming your Blood with pleasing heaviness;
Making such difference betwixt Wake and Sleep,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The Hour before the Heav'ly harness'd Teem
Begins his golden Progress in the East.

Mort. With all my Heart I'll sit, and hear her sing:
By that time will our Book, I think, be drawn.

Glend.

Glend. Do so:

And those Musicians that shall play to you,
Hang in the Air a thousand Leagues from hence ;
Yet straight they shall be here : Sit , and attend.

Hot. Come , *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying down :
Come , quick , quick , that I may lay my Head in
thy Lap.

Lady. Go , ye giddy Goose. [*The Musick plays.*]

Hot. Now I perceive the Devil understands *Welsh* ,
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous :
By'r lady he's a good Musician.

Lady. Then would you be nothing but Musical ,
For you are all together governed by Humors :
Lie still ye Thief , and hear the Lady sing in *Welsh*.

Hot. I had rather hear , Lady my Brach , howl in

Lady. Would'st have thy Head broken ? (*Irish.*)

Hot. No.

Lady. Then be still.

Hot. Neither , 'tis a Woman's Fault.

Lady. Now God help thee.

Hot. To the *Welsh* Lady's Bed.

Lady. What's that ?

Hot. Peace , she sings.

[*Here the Lady sings a Welsh Song.*]

Come , I'll have your Song too.

Lady. Not mine , in good sooth.

Hot. Not yours , in good sooth !

You swear like a Comfit-maker's Wife ,
Not you , in good sooth ; and , as true as I live ;
And , as God shall mend me ; and as sure as Day :
And givest such Sarcenet surety for thy Oaths ,
As if thou never walk'st further than *Finsbury*.

Swear me , *Kate* , like a Lady , as thou art ,
A good mouth-filling Oath , and leave Infooth ,
And such protest of Pepper-Ginger-Bread ,
To Velvet-Guards , and *Sunday-Citizens*.

Come , sing.

Lady. I will not sing.

Hot. 'Tis the next way to turn Tailor, or be Redbreast Teacher: An the Indentures be drawn, I'll away within these two Hours: And so come in, when ye will. [Exit.

Glend. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go: (as slow, By this our Book is drawn; We'll but seal, And then to Horse immediately.

Mort. With all my Heart.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E I I.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales,
Lords and others.

King Henry.

Lords, give us leave:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Must have some private Conference.
But be near at Hand,
For we shall presently have need of you.

[Exeunt Lords.

I know not whether Heav'n will have it so,
For some displeasing Service I have done;
That in his secret Doom, out of my Blood,
He'll breed Revengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou dost in thy Passages of Life,
Make me believe, that thou art only mark'd
For the hot Vengeance, and the Rod of Heav'n
To punish my Miss-treadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low Desires,
Such poor, such base, such lewd, such mean Attempts,
Such barren Pleasures, rude Society,
As thou art match'd withal, and grafted to,
Accompany the Greatness of thy Blood,

And

And hold their level with thy Princely Heart?

P. Henry. So please your Majesty, I would I could
Quit all Offences with as clear excuse,
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
My self of many I am charg'd withal.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As in reproof of many Tales devis'd,
Which oft the Ear of Greatness needs must hear,
By smiling Pick-thanks, and base News-mongers;
I may for some things true, wherein my Youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Find pardon on my true Submission.

K. Henry. Heav'n pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy Affections, which do hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy Ancestors.
Thy place in Council thou hast rudely lost,
Which by thy younger Brother is supply'd;
And art almost an Alien to the Hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my Blood.
The Hope and Expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soul of every Man
Prophetically does fore-think thy Fall.
Had I so lavish of my Presence been,
So common hackney'd in the Eyes of Men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did help me to the Crown,
Had still kept loyal to Possession,
And left me in reputeless Banishment,
A Fellow of no mark, nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at;
That Men would tell their Children, This is he.
Others would say, Where? Which is *Bullingbroke*?
And then I stole all Courtesie from Heav'n;
And dreft my self in such Humility,
That I did pluck Allegiance from mens Hearts,

Loud

60 K. HENRY IV. &

Loud Shouts and Salutations from their Mouths ;
Even in the Presence of the crowned King.

Thus I did keep my Person fresh and new,
My Presence like a Robe Pontifical,
Ne'er seen, but wondred at ; and so my State,
Seldom but sumptuous, shewed like a Feast,
And won by rareness such Solemnity.

The skipping King he ambled up and down,
With shallow Jesters, and rash Bavin Wits,
Soon kindled, and soon burnt ; carded his State,
Mingled his Royalty with carping Fools,
Had his great Name profaned with their Scorns,
And gave his Countenance, against his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boys, and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative :

Grew a Companion to the common Streets,
Enfeoff'd himself to Popularity :

That being daily swallowed by Mens Eyes,
They surfeited with Honey, and began
To loath the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little, is by much too much.

So when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the Cuckow is in *June*,
Heard, not regarded ; seen, but with such Eyes,
As sick and blunted with community,

Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on Sun-like Majesty,

When it shines seldom in admiring Eyes :

But rather drowz'd, and hung their Eye-lids down,
Slept in his Face, and rendred such aspect

As cloudy Men use to their Adversaries,

Being with his Presence glutted, gorg'd, and full.

And in that very Line, *Harry*, stand'st thou ;

For thou hast lost thy Princely Privilege,

With vile Participation. Not an Eye

But is a-weary of thy common sight,

Save mine, which hath desir'd to see thee more :

Which

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 61

Which now doth, that I would not have it do,
Make blind it self with foolish Tenderness.

P. Henry. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious
Be more my self. (Lord,

K. Henry. For all the World,
As thou art to this hour, was *Richard* then,
When I from *France* let forth at *Ravenspurg* :
And even as I was then, is *Percy* now.
Now by my Scepter, and my Soul to boot,
He hath more worthy Interest to the State
Than thou' the Shadow of Succession :
For of no Right, nor Colour like to Right,
He doth fill Fields with Harness in the Realm,
Turns head against the Lion's armed Jaws ;
And being no more in debt to Years than thou,
Leads ancient Lords, and reverend Bishops on
To bloody Battels, and to bruising Arms.
What never-dying Honour hath he got,
Against renowned *Dowglass*, whose high Deeds,
Whose hot Incursions, and great Name in Arms,
Holds from all Soldiers chief Majority,
And military Title Capital,
Through all the Kingdoms that acknowledge Christ ?
Thrice hath the Hot-*pur Mars*, in swathing Cloaths,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterprises,
Discomfited great *Dowglass*, ta'en him once,
Enlarged him, and made a Friend of him,
To fill the Mouth of deep Defiance up,
And shake the Peace and Safety of our Throne.
And what say you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-Bishop's Grace of *York*, *Dowglass*, and
Mortimer,

Capitulate against us, and are up.
But wherefore do I tell this News to thee ?
Why, *Harry*, do I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest Enemy ?
Thou who art like enough, through Vassal Fear,
Bafe

Base Inclination, and the start of Spleen,
To fight against me under *Percy's Pay*,
To dog his Heels, and courtsie at his Frowns ;
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

P. Henry. Do not think so, you shall not find it so :
And Heav'n forgive them, that so much have sway'd
Your Majesty's good Thoughts away from me.
I will redeem all this on *Percy's Head*,
And in the closing of some glorious Day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Son ;
When I will wear a Garment all of Blood,
And stain my Favours in a bloody Mask,
Which washt away, shall scowre my shame with it.
And that shall be the Day, when e'er it lights,
That this same Child of Honour and Renown,
This gallant *Hot-spur*, this all-praised Knight,
And your unthought-of *Harry*, chance to meet :
For every Honour sitting on his Helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my Head
My Shames redoubled : For the time will come,
That I shall make this Northern Youth exchange
His Glorious Deeds for my Indignities.
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf :
And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render every Glory up,
Yea, even the slightest Worship of his Time,
Or I will tear the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heaven, I promise here :
The which, if I perform, and do survive,
I do beseech your Majesty, may salve
The long-grown Wounds of my Intemperature.
If not, the end of Life cancels all Bonds,
And I will die a hundred thousand Deaths,
E'er break the smallest Parcel of this Vow.

K. Henry. A hundred thousand Rebels die in this :
Thou shalt have Charge, and Sovereign trust herein.

En-

Enter Blunt.

How now, good Blunt? Thy looks are full of speed.
Blunt. So hath the Busines that I come to speak of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English Rebels met
The eleventh of this Month, at Shrewsbury:
A mighty and a fearful Head they are,
If promises be kept on every Hand,
As ever offered foul play in a State.

K. Henry. The Earl of Westmorland set forth to Day:
With him my Son, Lord John of Lancaster,
For this Advertisement is five Days old.
On Wednesday next, Harry, thou shalt set forward:
On Thursday, we our selves will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: And Harry, you
Shall march through Gloucestershire; By which account,
Our Busines valued, some twelve Days hence,
Our general Forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our Hands are full of Busines: Let's away,
Adantage feeds them fat, while We delay.

[Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff.

Bardolph, am I not faln away vilely, since
this last Action? Do I not bate? Do I not dwindle?
Why my Skin hangs about me like an old Lady's loose Gown: I am withered like an old Apple
John. Well I'll repent, and that suddenly, while
I am in some liking; I shall be out of Heart
shortly, and then I shall have no Strength to
repent.

repent. An I have not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper Corn, a Brewers Horse; the inside of a Church! Company, villainous Company hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir *John*, you are so fretfull, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why there is it; come sing me a bawdy Song, to make me merry: I was as virtuously given, as a Gentleman need to be; virtuous enough; swore little, dic'd not above seven times a Week, went to a Bawdy-house not above once in a Quarter of an Hour; paid Mony that I borrow'd three or four times; liv'd well, and in good Compass; and now I live out of all order, out of Compass.

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir *John*, that you must needs be out of all Compass, out of all reasonable Compass, Sir *John*.

Fal. Do thou amend thy Face, and I'll amend my Life. Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the Lanthorn in the Poop, but 'tis in the Nose of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir *John*, my Face does you no harm.

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it, as many a Man doth of a Death's Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I never see thy Face, but I think upon Hell Fire, and *Dives* that liv'd in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning. If thou wert any way given to Virtue, I would swear by thy Face; my Oath should be, *By this Fire*: But thou art altogether given over; and wert indeed, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sun of utter Darkness. When thou rann'st up *Gads-hill* in the Night to catch my Horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchase in Mony. O, thou art a perpetual Triumph, an everlasting Bonfire Light; thou hast saved me a thousand Marks in Links and Torches,

wal-

walking with thee in the Night betwixt Taverⁿ and Tavern ; but the Sack that thou hast drunk me , would have bought me lights as good cheap , at the dearest Chandlers in *Europe*. I have maintain'd that *Salamander* of yours with Fire , any time this two and thirty Years , Heav'n reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in you Belly.

Fal. So should I be sure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hostess.

How now , Dame *Partlet* the Hen , have you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket ?

Host. Why , Sir *John* , what do you think , Sir *John* ? Do you think I keep Thieves in my House ? I have search'd , I have enquir'd , so has my Husband , Man by Man , Boy by Boy , Servant by Servant : The tigjt of a Hair was never lost in my House before.

Fal. Ye lie , Hostess ; *Bardolph* was shav'd , and lost many a Hair ; and I'll be sworn my Pocket was pick'd. Go to , you are a Woman , go.

Host. Who I ? I defie thee ; I was never call'd so in mine own House before.

Fal. Go to , I know you well enough.

Host. No , Sir *John* : You do not know me , Sir *John* ; I know you , Sir *John* : You owe me Mony' , Sir *John* , and now you pick a Quarrel to beguile me of it ; I bought you a Dozen of Shirts to your Back.

Fal. Dowlas , filthy Dowlas : I have given them away to Bakers Wives , and they have made Boulters of them.

Host. Now as I am a true Woman , Holland of eight Shillings an Ell. You owe Mony here besides , Sir *John* , for your Diet , and by-Drinkings ,

and Mony lent you , four and twenty Pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it , let him pay.

Host. He? alas ! he is poor , he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poor? Look upon his Face: What call you rich? Let him coin his Nose , let him coin his Cheeks ; I'll not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Yonker of me? Shall I not take mine Ease in mine Inn , but I shall have my Pock-
et pick'd? I have lost a Seal-Ring of my Grand-fathers , worth forty Mark.

Host. I have heard the Prince tell him , I know not how oft , that that Ring was Copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a *Jack* , a sneak-Cup ; and if he were here , I would cudgel him like a Dog , if he would say so.

Enter Prince Henry marching and Falstaff meets him , playing on his Truncheon like a Fife

Fal. How now , Lad? is the Wind in that Door? Must we all march?

Bard. Yea , two and two , Newgate Fashion ,

Host. My Lord , I pray you hear me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou , Mistress Quickly? How does thy Husband? I love him well ; he is an honest Man.

Host. Good, my Lord hear me.

Fal. Prithee let her alone , and list to me.

P. Henry. What say'st thou , *Jack*?

Fal. The other Night I fell asleep here behind the Arras , and had my Pocket pickt : This House is turn'd Bawdy-house they pick Pockets.

P. Henry. What didst thou loose , *Jack*?

Fal. Wilt thou believe me , Hal? Three or four Bonds of forty Pound a piece , and a Seal-Ring of my Grand-father's.

P. Henry. A Trifle , some eight-penny Matter.

Host.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 67

Host. So I told him, my Lord; and I said, I heard your Grace say so: And, my Lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouth'd Man as he is, and said he would cudgel you.

P. Henry. What, he did not?

Host. There's neither Faith, Truth, nor Woman-Hood in me else.

Fal. There's no more Faith in thee than in a stew'd Prune; nor no more Truth in thee than in a drawn Fox; and for Woman-hood, Maid-Marian may be the Deputies Wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing, go.

Host. Say, what thing? What thing?

Fal. What thing? Why a thing to thank Heav'n on.

Host. I am nothing to thank Heav'n on, I would thou shouldest know it: I am an honest Man's Wife; and setting thy Knighthood aside, thou art a Knav to call me so.

Fal. Setting thy Womanhood aside, thou art a Beast to say otherwise.

Host. Say, what Beast, thou Knav thou?

Fal. What Beast? Why an Otter.

P. Henry. An Otter, Sir John, why an Otter?

Fal. Why, she's neither Fish nor Flesh; a Man knows not where to have her.

Host. Thou art an unjust Man in saying so; thou, or any Man knows where to have me, thou Knav thou.

P. Henry. Thou say'st true, Hostess, and he slanders thee most grossly.

Host. So he doth you, my Lord, and said this other Day, you ow'd him a thousand Pound.

P. Henry. Sirrah do I owe you a thousand Pound?

Fal. A thousand Pound, Hal? A Million; thy Love is worth a Million: Thou ow'st me thy Love.

Host Nay, my Lord, he call'd you *Jack*, and said he would cudgel you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph*?

Bard. Indeed, Sir *John*, you said so.

Fal. Yea, if he said my Ring was Copper.

P. Henry. I say 'tis Copper. Dar'st be as good as thy Word now?

Fal. Why, *Hal*, thou know'st, as thou art but a Man I dare, but as thou art a Prince, I fear thee, as I fear the roaring of the Lions Whelp.

P. Henry. And why not as the Lion?

Fal. The King himself is to be fear'd as the Lion; do'st thou think I'll fear thee, as I fear thy Father? Nay if I do, let my Girdle break.

P. Henry. O, if it should, how would thy Guts fall about thy Knees. But, Sirrah, there's no room for Faith, Truth, nor Honesty, in this Bosom of thine; it is all fill'd up with Guts and Midriff. Charge an honest Woman with picking thy Pocket! Why thou Horson impudent, imbold Rascal, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tavern Reckonings, *Memorandums* of Baudy-Houses, and one poor penny-worth of Sugar-Candy to make thee long winded; if thy Pocket were enrich'd with any other Injuries but these, I am a Villain; and yet you will stand to it, you will not Pocket up Wrongs. Art thou not ashamed?

Fal. Dost thou hear, *Hal*? Thou know'st in the State of Innocency, *Adam* fell; and what would poor *Jack Falstaff* do, in the Days of Villainy: Thou seest, I have more Flesh than another Man, and therefore more Frailty. You confess then you pickt my Pocket?

P. Henry. It appears so by the Story.

Fal. Hostess, I forgive thee:

Go make ready Breakfast; love thy Husband,

Look

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 69

Look to thy Servants, and cherish thy Guests;
Thou shalt find me tractable to any honest Reason:
Thou seest, I am pacify'd still.

Nay, I prithee be gone. [Exit Hostess.

Now, *Hal*, to the News at Court for the Robbery,
How is that answer'd? (Lad?)

P. Henry. O my sweet Beef,
I must still be good Angel to thee.
The Mony is paid back again.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying back: 'tis a
double Labour.

P. Henry. I am good Friends with my Father,
and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the first thing thou
do'st, and do it with un-wash'd Hands too.

Bard. Do, my Lord.

P. Henry. I have procured thee, *Jack*, a Charge
of Foot.

Fal. I would it had been of Horse. Where shall
I find one that can steal well? O, for a fine Thief,
of two and twenty, or thereabout; I am heinously
unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these Re-
bels; they offend none but the virtuous; I laud
them, I praise them.

P. Henry. *Bardolph!*

Bard. My Lord.

P. Henry. Go bear this Letter to Lord *John of
Lancaster*,

To my Brother *John*. This to my Lord of *Westmorland*:

Go *Peto*, to Horse; for thou, and I,

Have thirty Miles to ride yet e'er Dinner time.

Jack, meet me to Morrow in the *Temple-Hall*

At two a Clock in the Afternoon,

There shalt thou know thy Charge, and there receive
Mony, and Order for their Furniture.

The Land is burning, *Percy* stands on high,
And either they, or we, must lower lye.

Fal. Rare Words ; brave World :
Hostess, my Breakfast, come :
Oh, I could wish this Tavern were my Drum.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T. I V.

S C E N E I.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, and Dowglass.

Hot-spur.

Well said, my noble *Scot*, if speaking Truth,
In this fine Age, were not thought Flattery,
Such attribution should the *Dowglass* have,
As not a Soldier of this Seasons stamp,
Should go so general currant through the World.
By Heav'n I cannot flatter : I desie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a braver place
In my Heart's love, hath no Man than your self.
Nay, task me to my word ; approve me, Lord.
Dow. Thou art the King of Honour:
No Man so potent breaths upon the Ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Messenger.

Hot. Do so, and 'tis well. What Letters hast
thou there ?

I can but thank you.

Mess. These Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him ?

Why

SR. JOHN FALSTAFF. 71

Why comes he not himself?

Mess. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is grievous sick.

Hot. How! Has he the leisure to be sick now,
In such a jostling time? Who leads his Power?
Under whose Government come they along?

Mess. His Letters bear his Mind, not this Mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keep his Bed?

Mess. He did, my Lord, four Dayes e're I set forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Physician.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,
E'er he by Sicknes had been visited;
His Health was never better worth than now.

Hot. Sick now? Droop now? This Sicknes
doth infect
This very Life-blood of our Enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our Camp.
He writes me here, that inward Sicknes—
And that his Friends by deputation
Could not so soon be drawn: Nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any Soul remov'd, but on his own.
Yet doth he give us bold Advertisement,
That with our small Conjunctions we should on,
To see how Fortune is dispos'd to us,
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the King is certainly possest
Of all our Purposes. What say you to it?

Wor. Your Father's Sicknes is a main to us.

Hot. A perilous Gash, a very Limb lopt off:
And yet, in faith, 'tis not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it,
Were it good to set the exact Wealth of all our States
All at one Cast? To set so rich a Mine
On the nice hazard of one doubtful Hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read

The very bottom, and the Soul of hope,
The very Lift, the very utmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dow. Faith, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet Reversion.
We may boldly spend, upon the hope
Of what is to come in:

A comfort of Retirement lives in this.

Hot. A Rendez vous, a Home to flie unto,
If that the Devil and Mischance look big
Upon the Maidenhead of our Affairs.

Wor. But yet I would your Father had been here:
The Quality and Heir of our Attempt
Brooks no Division: It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That Wisdom, Loyalty, and meer dislike
Of our Proceedings, kept the Earl from hence.
And think, how such an Apprehension
May turn the Tide of fearful Faction,
And breed a kind of Question in our Cause:
For well you know, we of the offering side,
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement;
And stop all fight-holes, every loop, from whence
The Eye of Reason may pry in upon us.
This absence of your Father draws a Curtain,
That shews the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You strain too far.
I rather of his Absence make this use:
It lends a Lustre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Entreprise,
Than if the Earl were here: For Men must think,
If we without his help, can make a Head
To push against the Kingdom; with his help,
We shall o'erturn it topsy turvy down.
Yet all goes well, yet all our joints are whole.

Dow. As Heart can think;

There

There is not such a word spoke of in Scotland,
As this Dream of Fear.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hot. My Cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soul,
Ver. Pray God my News be worth a welcome, Lord,
The Earl of *Westmorland*, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hither-wards with Prince *John*.

Hot. No harm; what more?

Ver. And further, I have learn'd,
The King himself in Person hath set forth,
Or hither-wards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty Preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too,
Where is his Son?

The nimble-footed Mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Comrades, that daft the World aside,
And bid it pass?

Ver. All furhishit, all in Arms,
All plum'd like Estridges, that wing the Wind,
Baited like Eagles, having lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coats, like Images,
As full of Spirit as the Month of *May*,
And gorgeous as the Sun at *Midsummer*.
Wanton as youthful Goats, wild as young Bulls.
I saw young *Harry* with his Beaver on,
His Cushes on his Thighs, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the Ground like feather'd *Mercury*,
And vaulted with such ease into his Sear,
As if an Angel dropt down from the Clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the World with noble Horsemanship.

Hot. No more, no more;
Worse than the Sun in *March*,
This Praise doth nourish Agues; let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,

And to the fire-ey'd Maid of smoaky War,
 All hot, and bleeding, will we offer them.
 The mailed *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
 Up to the Ears in Blood. I am on fire,
 To hear this rich Reprizal is so nigh,
 And yet not ours: Come, let me take my Horse,
 Who is to bear me like a Thunder-bolt;
 Against the Bosom of the Prince of *Wales*.
Harry to *Harry* shall, not Horse to Horse,
 Meet, and ne'er part, 'til one drop down a Coarse.
 Oh, that *Glendower* were come.

Ver. There is more News:
 I learn'd in *Worcester*, as I rode along,
 He cannot draw his Power this fourteen Days.

Dow. That's the worst Tidings that I hear of, yet.
Wor. Ay, by my Faith, that bears a frosty Sound.
Hot. What may the King's whole Battel reach
Ver. To thirty thousand. { unto?

Hot. Forty let it be;
 My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
 The Power of us may serve so great a Day.
 Come, let us take a Muster speedily:
 Dooms-day is near; die all, die merrily.

Dow. Talk not of dying, I am out of fear
 Of Death, or Death's Hand, for this one half Year.

{ *Exeunt.*

S C E N E I I.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Falstaff.

Bardolph, get thee before to *Coventry*; fill me a
 Bottel of Sack; our Soldiers shall march through:
 We'll to *Sutton-cop-hill* to Night.

Bard. Will you give me Mony, Captain?

Fal.

Sr. JOHN FALSTAFF. 75

Fal. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottel makes an Angel.

Fal. And if it do, take it for thy Labour; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant Pero meet me at the Towns end.

Bard. I will Captain; farewell.

[Exit.]

Fal. If I be not ashame'd of my Soldiers, I am a sowc'd Gurnet: I have mis-us'd the King's Press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty Soldiers, three Hundred and odd Pounds. I prest me none but good Houholders, Yeomenn Sons; enquire me out contracted Bachelors, such as had been ask'd twice on the Banes: Such a Commodity of warm Slaves, as had as lieve hear the Devil, as a Drum; such as fear the report of a Caliver, worse than a struck-Fool, or a hurt wild-Duck. I prest me none but such Toftes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellies no bigger than Pins-heads, and they have bought out their Services: And now my whole Charge consists of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentle-men of Companies, Slaves as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloath, where the Glutton's Dogs licked his Sores; and such as indeed were never Soldiers, but dis-carded unjust Servingmen, younger Sons to younger Brothers: Revolted Tapsters and Oftlers, Trade-fall'n, the Cankers of a calm World, and long Peace, ten times more dishonourable ragged, than an old-fac'd Ancient; and such have I to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their Services; that you would think, that I had a hundred and fifty tatter'd Prodigals, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draff and Husks. A mad Fellow met me on the Way, and told me, I had unloaded all the Gibbets, and prest the dead Bodies. No Eye hath seen such skar-Crows:

Crows: I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villains march wide berwixt the Legs, as if they had Gyves on; for indeed, I had the most of them out of Prison. There's but a Shirt and a half in all my Company; and the half Shirt is two Napkins tack'd together, and thrown over the Shoulders like a Herald's Coat, without Sleeves; and the Shirt to say the Truth, stol'n from my Host of St. Albans, or the Red-Nose Innkeeper of Daintry. But that's all one, they'll find Linnen enough on every Hedge.

Enter Prince Henry, and Westmorland.

P. Henry. How now, blown *Jack*? how now, Quilt?

Fal. What, *Hal*? How now, mad *Wag*, what a Devil do'st thou in Warwickshire? My good Lord of Westmorland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already been at Shrewsbury.

West. 'Faith, Sir *John*, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my Powers are there already. The King, I can tell you, looks for us all; we must away all to night.

Fal. Tut, never fear me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to steal Cream.

P. Henry. I think to steal Cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee Butter; but tell me, *Jack*, whose Fellows are these that come after?

Fal. Mine *Hal*, mine.

P. Henry. I did never see such pitiful Rascals.

Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toss: Food for Powder, food for Powder; they'll fill a Pit, as well as better; tush Man, mortal Men, mortal Men.

West. Ay, but Sir *John*, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith for their Poverty, I know not where
thyc

they had that ; and for their barenness, I am sure they never learn'd that of me.

P. Henry. No, I'll be sworn, unless you call three Fingers on the Ribs, bare. But, Sirrah, make haste: *Percy* is already in the Field.

Fal. What, is the King encamp'd?

West. He is, Sir John, I fear we shall stay too long.

Fal. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feast, fits a dull Fighter, and a keen Guest. [Exeunt.

S C E N E III.

Enter Hot-spur, Worcester, Dowglass, and Vernon.

Hot-spur.

We'll fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Dow. You give him then advantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why say you so? Looks he not for Supply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certain, ours in doubtful.

Wor. Good Cousin be advis'd, stir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Dow. You do not councel well;

You speak it out of fear, and cold Heart.

Ver. Do me no slander, Dowglass: By my Life, And I dare well maintain it with my Life, If well-respected Honour bid me on, I hold as little counsel with weak fear, As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this Day lives. Let it be seen to morrow in the Battel, Which of us fears.

Dow.

Dew. Yea, or to night.

Ver. Content,

Hot. To night, say I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being Men of such great Leading as you are,
That you foresee not what Impediments
Drag back our Expedition; certain Horse
Of my Cousin *Vernon*'s are not yet come up;
Your Uncle *Worcest*ter's Horse came but to Day,
And now their Pride and Mettle is asleep,
Their Courage with hard Labour tame and dull,
That not a Horse is half the half of himself.

Hot. So are the Horse of the Enemy
In general, journey bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of rest.

Wor. The number of the King's exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, Cousin, stay 'till all come in.

The Trumpet sounds a Parley.

Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious Offers from the King,
If you vouchsafe me hearing, and respect.

Hot. Welcome, Sir *Walter Blunt*:
And would to God you were of our Determination.
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great Deservings, and good Name,
Because you are not of our Quality,
But stand against us like an Enemy,

Blunt. And Heav'n defend, but still I should stand so,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You stand against anointed Majesty,
But to my Charge. The King hath sent to know,
The nature of your Grievs, and whereupon
You conjure from the Breast of civil Peace,
Such bold Hostility, teaching his dutious Land

Au.

Audacious Cruelty. If that the King
Have any way your good Deserts forgot,
Which he confesseth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefs; and with all speed
You shall have your Desires, with Interest:
And Pardon absolute for your self, and these,
Herein mis-led by your Suggestion.

Hot. The King is kind:
And well we know, the King
Knows at what time to Promise, when to Pay.
My Father, & my Uncle, and my self,
Did give him that same Royalty he wears:
And when he was not fix and twenty strong,
Sick in the Worlds regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded Out-law, breaking home,
My Father gave him welcome to the Shore:
And when he heard him swear, and vow to God,
He came to be but Duke of *Lancaster*,
To sue out his Livery, and beg his Peace,
With Tears of Innocence, and terms of Zeal:
My Father, in kind Heart and Pity mov'd,
Swore him assistance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realm
Perceiv'd *Northumberland* did lean to him,
They more and less came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, stood in Lanes,
Laid Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oaths,
Gave him their Heirs, as Pages followed him,
Even at the Heels, in golden Multitudes:
He presently, as Greatness knows it self,
Steps me a little higher than his Vow
Made to my Father, while his Blood was poor,
Upon the naked Shore at *Ravenspurg*:
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform
Some certain Edicts, and some strait Decrees,
That lay too heavy on the Commonwealth;

Cries

Cries out upon Abuses, seems to weep
 Over his Country's Wrongs; and by his Face,
 This seeming Brow of Justice, did he win
 The Hearts of all that he did angle for.
 Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
 Of all the Favourites, that the absent King
 In deputation left behind him here,
 When he was personal in the *Irish War*.

Blunt. Tut, I came not to hear this,

Hot. Then to the point.

In short time after, he depos'd the King,
 Soon after that, depriv'd him of his Life:
 And in the neck of that, task'd the whole State.
 To make that worse, suffer'd his Kinsman *March*,
 Who is, if every Owner were right plac'd,
 Indeed his King, to be engag'd in *Wales*,
 There, without Ransom, to lie forfeited.
 Disgrac'd me in my happy Victories,
 Sought to intrap me by Intelligence,
 Rated my Uncle from the Council Board,
 In rage dismiss'd my Father from the Court,
 Broke Oath on Oath, committing Wrong on Wrong,
 And in conclusion; drove us to seek out
 This Head of safety; and withal, to pry
 Into his Title; the which we do find
 Too indirect, for long continuance.

Blunt. Shall I return this answer to the King?

Hot. Not so, Sir *Walter*: We'll withdraw a
 while.

Go to the King, and let there be impawn'd
 Some surety for a safe return again:
 And in the Morning early shall my Uncle
 Bring him our purpose; and so farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Love.

Hot. And't may be, so we shall.

Blunt. Pray Heav'n you do.

[*Exeunt.*

S C E.

S C E N E I V.

Enter the Arch-Bishop of York, and Sir Michell.

York.

Hye, good Sir Michell, bear this sealed Brief,
With winged haste to the Lord Marshal,
This to my Cousin Scroop, and all the rest
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they do import,
You wold make haste.

Sir Michell. My good Lord, I guess their tenour.

York. Like enough you do.
To morrow, good Sir Michell, is a Day,
Wherein the Fortune of ten thousand Men
Must bide the touch. Far, Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly given to understand,
The King, with mighty and quick-raised Power,
Meets with Lord Harry; and I fear, Sir Michell,
What with the Sicknes of Northumberland,
Whose Power was in the first Proportion;
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence,
Who with them was rated firmly too,
And comes not in, over-rul'd by Prophecies,
I fear the Power of Percy is too weak,
To wage an instant trial with the King.

Sir Michell. Why, my good Lord, you need not fear,
There is Dowglass, and Lord Mortimer.

York. No, Mortimer is not there.

Sir Michell. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord
Harry Percy,
And there is my Lord of Worcester,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

York.

York. And so there is, but yet the King hath drawn
The special Head of all the Land together:
The Prince of *Wales*, Lord *John of Lancaster*,
The noble *Westmorland*, and warlike *Blunt*!
And many more Corrivals, and dear Men
Of Estimation, and command in Arms.

Sir Michell. Doubt not, my Lord, he shall be
well oppos'd.

York. I hope no less: Yet needful 'tis to fear,
And to prevent the worst, Sir *Michell* speed;
For if Lord *Percy* thrive not, e'er the King
Dismiss his Power, he means to visit us;
For he hath heard of our Confederacy,
And, 'tis but Wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste, I must go write again
To other Friends; and so farewell, Sir *Michell*.

[Exeunt.

A C T . V.

S C E N E I.

Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falstaff.

King Henry.

How bloodyly the Sun begins to peer
Above yon busky Hill: The Day looks pale
At his Distemperature.

P. Henry. The Southern Wind

Dost

Doth play the Trumpet to his Purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the Leaves,
Foretels a Tempest, and a blust'ring Day.

K. Henry. Then with the Losers let it sympathize,
For nothing can seem sour to them that win.

[*The Trumpet sounds.*

Enter Worcester.

K. Henry. How now, my Lord of Wor'ster?

'Tis not well,
That you and I should meet upon such terms,
As now we meet. You have deceiv'd our Trust,
And made us doff our easie Robe of Peace,
To crush our old Limbs in ungentle Steel:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What say you to it? Will you again unknit
This churlish Knot of all abhorred War?
And move in that obedient Orb again,
Where you did give a fair and natural Light?
And be no more an exhal'd Meteor,
A prodigy of Fear, and Portent
Of broached Mischief, to the unborn Times?

Wor. Hear me, my Liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the Lag-end of my Life
With quiet Hours: For I do protest,
I have not sought the Day of this dislike.

K. Henry. You have not sought it; how comes
it then?

Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

P. Henry. Peace, Chewet, peace.

Wor. It pleas'd your Maiesty, to turn your Looks
Of Favour, from my Self, and all our House;
And yet I must remember you, my Lord,
We were the first, and dearest of your Friends.
For you, my Staff of Office did I break

In *Richard's* time, and posted Day and Night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your Hand.
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate, as I:
It was my self, my Brother and his Son,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at *Doncaster*,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the State,
Nor claim no further, than your new-fal'n Right,
The Seat of *Gaunt*, Dukedom of *Lancaster*.
To this, we swore our Aid: But in short space,
It rain'd down Fortune shovring on your Head,
And such a Flood of Greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent King,
What with the Injuries of wanton Time,
The seeming Sufferances that you had born,
And the contrarious Winds that held the King
So long in the unlucky *Irish* Wars,
That all in *England* did repute him dead;
And from this swarm of fair Advantages,
You took occasion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the general sway into your Hand:
Forgot your Oath to us at *Doncaster*,
And being fed by us, you us'd us so,
As that ungentle Gull, the Cuckow's Bird,
Useth the sparrow, did oppress our Nest,
Grew by our Feeding, to so great a Bulk,
That even our Love durst not come near your Sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble Wing
We were inforc'd for safety's sake, to fly
Out of your Sight, and raise this present Head,
Whereby we stand opposed by such means
As you your self, have forg'd against your self,
By unkind Usage, dangerous Countenance,
And violation of all Faith and Troth
Sworn to us in your younger Enterprize.

K.

K. Henry. These things indeed you have arti-
culated,

Proclaim'd at Market Crosses, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With some fine Colour, that may please the Eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poor Discontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the News
Of hurly burly Innovation.

And never yet did Insurrection want
Such Water-colours, to impaint his Cause;
Nor moody Beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell Havock, and Confusion.

P. Henry. In both our Armies, there is many
a Soul

Shall pay full dearly for this Encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of *Wales* doth join with all the World
In praise of *Henry Percy*: By my Hopes,
This present entreprize set off his Head,
I do not think a braver Gentleman,
More Active, Valiant, or more valiant Young,
More daring, or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter Age with noble Deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my Shame,
I have a Truant been to Chivalry.
And so, I hear, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Father's Majesty,
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great Name and Estimation,
And will, to save the Blood on either side,
Try Fortune with him, in a single Fight.

K. Henry. And, Prince of *Wales*, so dare we
venture thee,

Albeit, Considerations infinite
Do make against it: No, good *Wor'ster*, no,
We love our People well; even those we love
That are mis-led upon your Cousin's part:

And will they take the offer of our Grace ;
 Both he, and they, and you, yea, every Man
 Shall be my Friend again, and I'll be his.
 So tell your Cousin, and then bring me word,
 What he will do. But if he will not yield,
 Rebuke and dread Correction wait on us,
 And they shall do their Office. So be gone,
 We will not now be troubled with Reply,
 We offer fair, take it advisedly. [Exit Worcester.

P. Henry. It will not be accepted, on my Life,
 The *Douglas* and the *Hopspur* both together,
 Are confident against the World in Arms.

K. Henry. Hence therefore, every Leader to his
 Charge,
 For on their Answer will we set on them ;
 And God befriend us, as our Cause is just.

[*Exeunt.*

Manet Prince Henry and Falstaff.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the Battel,
 And bestirde me, so ; 'tis a point of Friendship.

P. Henry. Nothing but a Colossus can do thee
 that Friendship :

Say thy Prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were Bed time, Hal, and all well.

P. Henry. Why, thou owest Heav'n a Death.

Fal. 'Tis not due yet ; I would be loth to pay
 him before his Day. What need I be so forward
 with him that call's not on me ? Well, 'tis no matter,
 Honour pricks me on. But how if Honour
 prick me off when I come on ? How then ; can
 Honour set to a Leg ? No. Or an Arm ? No. Or
 take away the Grief of a Wound ? No. Honour
 hath no Skill in Surgery then ? No. What is Honour ?
 A word. What is that word Honour ? Air ?
 A trim reckoning. Who hath it ? He that dy'd a
 Wed-

Wednesday. Doth he feel it ? No. Doth he hear it ? No. Is it insensible then ? Yea , to the dead. But will it not live with the living ? No. Why ? Detraction will not suffer it : therefore I'll none of it. Honour is a meer Scutcheon , and so ends my Catechism.

[Ex.]

S C E N E I I.

Enter Worcester , and Sir Richard Vernon.

Worcester.

Ono , my Nephew must not know , Sir Richard ,
The liberal kind Offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere best he did.

Wor. Then we are all undone.

It is not possible , it cannot be ,
The King would keep his Word in loving us :
He will suspect us still , and find a time
To panish this Offence in other Faults.
Suppose then , all our Lives shall be stuck full of Eyes ;
For Treason is but trusted like the Fox ,
Who ne'er so tame , so cherish'd , and lock'd up ,
Will have a wild trick of his Ancestors ;
Look how we can , or sad , or merrily ,
Interpretation will misquote our Looks ,
And we shall feed like Oxen at a Stall ,
The better cherish'd , still the nearer death .
My Nephew's Trespass may be well forgot ,
It hath the excuse of Youth , and heat of Bood ,
And an adopted Name of Privilege ,
A hare-brain'd Hot-spur , govern'd by a Spleen :
All his Offences live upon my Head ,
And on his his Father's. We did train him on ,
And his Corruption being ta'en from us ,
We as the Spring of all , shall pay for all :

Therefore, good Cousin, let not Harry know ;
In any case, the Offer of the King.

Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your Cousin.

Enter Hot-spur and Dowglas.

Hot. My Uncle is return'd :
Deliver up, my Lord of *Westmorland*.
Uncle, what News ?

Wor. The King will bid you Battel presently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of *Westmorland*.

Hot. Lord Dowglas ; go you and tell him so.

Dow. Marry and shall, and very willingly.

[Exit Dowglas

Wor. There is no seeming Mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any ? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our Grievances,
Of his Oath-breaking ; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn.
He calls us Rebels, Traitors, and will scourge
With haughty Arms, this hateful Name in us.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arm, Gentlemen, to Arms, for I have thrown
A brave Defiance in King Henry's Teeth :
And *Westmorland* that was ingag'd did bear it,
Which cannot chuse but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of *Wales* stept forth before the
King,

And, Nephew, challeng'd you to single Fight.

Hot. O, would the Quarrel lay upon our Heads,
And that no Man might draw short Breath to Day,
But I and Harry *Monmouth*. Tell me, tell me,
How shew'd his Talking ? Seem'd it in Contempt ?

Ver. No by my Soul : I never in my Life
Did

Did hear a Challenge urg'd more modestly ;
Unless a Brother should a Brother dare ,
To gentle Exercise and proof of Arms.
He gave you all the Duties of a Man ,
Trim'd up your Praises with a princely Tongue ,
Spoke your Deservings like a Chronicle ,
Making you ever better than his Praise ,
By still dispraising Praise , valu'd with you :
And which became him like a Prince indeed ,
He made a blushing Cital of himself ,
And chide his trewant Youth with such a Grace ,
As if he master'd there a double Spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly :
There did he pause. But let me tell the World ,
If he out-live the Envy of this Day ,
England did never owe so sweet a Hope ,
So much misconstrued in his Wantonnes.

Hot. Cousin , I think thou art enamoured
On his Follies ; never did I hear
Of any Prince so wild at Liberty.
But be he as he will , yet once e'er Night ,
I will embrace him with a Soldier's Arm ,
That he shall shrink under my Courtesie.
Arm,arm with speed. And Fellows, Soldiers, Friends
Better consider what you have to do ,
Than I , that have not well the Gift of Tongue ,
Can lift your Blood up with Persuasion.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord , here are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot read them now.

O Gentlemen , the time of Life is short :
To spend that Shortness basely were too long ,
Tho' Life did ride upon a Dial's Point ,
Still ending at the Arrival of an Hour.
And if we live , we live to tread on Kings :

If die ; brave Death , when Princes die with us.
Now for our Consciences , the Arms are fair ,
When the Intent for bearing them is just.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, prepare, the King comes on apace.
Hot. I thank him , that he cuts me from my Tale ,
For I profess not talking : Only this ,
Let each Man do his best. And here I draw my Sword ,
Whose worthy Temper I intend to stain
With the best Blood that I can meet withal ,
In the Adventure of this perilous Day.
Now Esperances , *Percy* , and set on :
Sound all the lofty Instruments of War ,
And by that Musick , let us all embrace :
For Heav'n to Earth , some of us never shall ,
A second time do such a courtesie.

They embrace , then Exeunt. The Trumpets sound ,
the King entreth with his Power , alarm unto
the Battel. Then enter Dowglas and Sir Walter
Blunt.

Blunt. What is thy Name , that in the Battel thus
thou crossest me ?

What Honour dost thou seek upon my Head ?

Dow. Know then , my Name is *Dowglass* ,
And I do haunt thee in the Battel thus ,
Because some tell me , that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true. (bought

Dow. The Lord of *Stafford* dear to day hath
Thy Likeness ; for instead of thee , King *Harry* ,
This Sword hath ended him , so shall it thee ,
Unless thou yield thee as a Prisoner.

Blunt. I was not born to yield , thou haughty *Scot* ,
And thou shalt find a King that will revenge
Lord *Stafford's* Death.

Fight, Blunt is slain, then enter Hot-spur.

Hot. O Dowglas, hadst thou fought at Holmedon [thus',
I never had triumphed o'er a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathless
lyes the King.

Hot. Where;

Dow. Here. (full well:

Hot. This, Dowglas? No, I know this Face
A gallant Knight he was, his Name was Blunt,
Semblably furnish'd like the King himself.

Dow. Ah! Fool go with thy Soul whither it goes,
A borrow'd Title hast thou bought too dear.

Why didst thou tell me, that thou wert a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coats,
I'll murther all his Wardrobe Piece by Piece,
Until I meet the King.

Hot. Up and away.

Our Soldiers stand full fairly for the Day. [Exeunt.

Alarm, enter Falstaff solus.

Fal. Though I could scape shot-free at London,
I fear the Shot here: Here's no scoring, but upon
the Pate. Soft, who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt,
there's Honour for you; here's no Vanity; I am
as hot as moulten Lead, and as heavy too: Heav'n
keep Lead out of me, I need no more Weight than
mine own Bowels. I have led my Rag-o-Muffians
where they are pepper'd; there's not three of my
hundred and fifty left alive, and they for the Towns
end to beg during Life. But who comes here?

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. What, stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy Sword?

Many a noble Man lyes stark and stiff
Under the Hoofs of vaunting Enemies, (Sword.)
Whose Deaths are ureveng'd. Prithee lend me thy
Fal. O *Hal*, I prithee give me leave to breath a while.
Turck *Gregory* never did such Deeds in Arms, as I
have done this Day. I have paid *Percy*, I have
made him sure.

P. Henry. He is indeed, and living to kill thee:
I prithee lend me thy Sword.

Fal. Nay, *Hal*, if *Percy* be alive, thou get'st not my
Sword; but take my Pistol if thou wilt.

P. Henry. Give it me: What, is it in the Case?

Fal. Ay *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will sack a City.

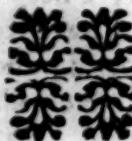
[The Prince draws out a Bottle of Sack.]

P. Henry. What, is it a time to jest and dally now?

[Throws it at him, and Exit.]

Fal. If *Percy* be alive. I'll pierce him; if he
do come in my way, so; if he do not, if I come
in his, willingly, let him make a Carbonado of
me; I like not such grinning Honour as Sir *Walter*
hath: Give me Life, which if I can save, so; if
not, Honour comes unlook'd for, and there's an
end.

[Exit.]



S C E.

S C E N E III.

Alarm, Excursions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord John of Lancaster, and the Earl of Westmorland.

King Henry.

I prithee, Harry, withdraw thy self, thou bleedest too much: Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.

Lan. Not I, my Lord, unless I did bleed too.

P. Henry. I beseech your Majesty make up, Least your Retirement do amaze your Friends.

K. Henry. I will do so:

My Lord of Westmorland, lead him to his Tent.

West. Come my Lord, I'll lead you to your Tent.

P. Henry. Lead me, my Lord! I do not need your Help,

And Heav'n forbid a shallow Scratch should drive The Prince of Wales from such a Field as this, Where stain'd Nobility lies trodden on, And Rebels Arms triumph in Massacres.

Lan. We breath too long; come Cousin Westmorland, Our Duty this Way lies, for Heav'n's sake come.

P. Henry. By Heav'n thou hast deceiv'd me, Lancaster,

I did not think thee Lord of such a Spirit: Before, I lov'd thee as a Brother, John; But now, I do respect thee as my Soul.

K. Henry. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the Point, With lustier Maintenance than I did look for Of such an ungrown Warrior.

P. Henry. O this Boy, lends Mettle to us all.

[Exit.

En-

Enter Dowglass.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's Heads:

I am the Dowglass fatal to all those
That wear those Colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'st the Person of a King?

K. Henry. The King himself; who, Dowglass,
grieves at Heart

So many of his Shadows thou hast met,
And not the very King. I have two Boys
Seek Percy and thy self about the Field;
But seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee: So defend thy self.

Dow. I fear thou art another Counterfeit;
And yet in faith thou bear'st thee like a King:
But mine I am sure thou art, who e'er thou be,
And thus I win thee.

[They fight: The King being in Danger Enter Prince

with Henry.

P. Henry. Hold up thy Head, vile Scot, or
thou art like
Never to hold it up again: The Spirits
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt, are in my Arms;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth, but means to pay.

[They fight, Dowglass is beat off the stage
Clearly, my Lord; how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gaway hath for Succour sent;
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton streight.

K. Henry. Stay, and breath a while.
Thou hast redeem'd my lost Opinion,
And shew'd thou mak'st some tender of my Life
In this fair Rescue thou hast brought to me.

P.

P. Henry. O Heav'n , they did me too much Injury ,

That ever said I hearkned to your Death.

If it were so , I might have let alone

The insulting Hand of *Douglas* over you ,

Which would have been as speedy in your end ,

As all the poisonous Potions in the World ,

And sav'd the treacherous Labour of your Son.

K. Henry. Make up to *Clifton* , I'll to Sir *Nicholas Gawsey*.

[Exit.

Enter Hot-spur.

Hot. If I mistake not , thou art *Harry Monmouth*?

P. Henry. Thou speakest as if I would deny my Name.

Hot. My Name is *Harry Percy*.

P. Henry. Why then I see a very valiant Rebel of that Name.

I am the Prince of *Wales* ; and think not , *Percy* , To share with me in Glory any more:

Two Stars keep not their Motion in one Sphere ,

Nor can one *England* brook a double Reign ,

Of *Harry Percy* and the Prince of *Wales*.

Hot. Nor shall it *Harry* , for the Hour is come To end the one of us ; and would to Heav'n Thy Name in Arms were now as great as mine.

P. Henry. I'll make it greater , e'er I part from thee , And all the budding Honours on thy Crest , I'll crop , to make a Garland for my Head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy Vanities.

[Fight.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said , *Hal* , to it *Hal*. Nay , you shall find no Boys Play here , I can tell you.

En-

Enter Dowglass, he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead. The Prince kills Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry thou hast robb'd me of my Youth :
I better brook the loss of brittle Life ,
Than those proud Titles thou hast won of me ,
They wound my thoughts worse , than thy Sword
my Flesh :

But thought's the Slave of Life, and Life Time's Fool ;
And Time , that takes survey of all the World ,
Must have a stop. O , I could prophesie ,
But that the Earth , and the cold Hand of Death ,
Lyes on my Tongue : No , *Percy* thou art Dust
And Food for ————— [Dies .

P. Henry. For Worms , brave *Percy* . Farewel ,
great Heart :
I'll-weav'd Ambition , how much art thou shrunk ?
When that this Body did contain a Spirit ,
A Kingdom for it was too small a Bound :
But now two Paces of the vilest Earth
Is room enough. This Earth that bears thee dead ,
Bears not alive so stout a Gentleman .
If thou wert sensible of Courtesie ,
I should not make so great a shew of Zeal .
But let my Favours hide thy mangled Face ,
And even in thy behalf , I'll thank my self
For doing these fair Rites of Tenderness .
Adieu , and take thy praise with thee to Heav'n ,
Thy ignominy sleep with thee in the Grave ,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph .

What ! Old Acquaintance ! Could not all this flesh
Keep in a little Life ? Poor *Jack* , farewell :
I could have better spar'd a better Man .
O , I should have a heavy miss of thee ,

Now for me I send you well on your way . If

If I were much in love with Vanity.
Death hath not struck so far a Deer to Day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray.
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by,
'Till then, in Blood by noble *Percy* lye. [Exit.

Falstaff riseth up.

Fal. Imbowell'd ! If thou imbowl me to Day,
I'll give you leave to Powder me, and eat me too
to Morrow. 'Twas time to counterfeit, or that
hot Termagant *Scot* had paid me *Scot* and lot too.
Counterfeit --- I am no counterfeit; to die, is to
be a Counterfeit; for he is but the Counterfeit of
a Man, who hath not the Life of a Man: But to
counterfeit dying, when a Man thereby liveth, is
to be no Counterfeit, but the true and perfect
image of Life indeed. The better part of Valour,
is Discretion; in the which better part, I have saved
my Life. I am afraid of this Gun-Powder *Percy*,
though he be dead, How if he should Counter-
feit too, and rise? I am afraid he would prove the
better Counterfeit; therefore I'll make him sure;
yea, and I'll swear I have kill'd him. Why may
not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but
Eyes, and no Body sees me. Therefore, Sirrah,
with a new Wound in your Thigh, come you along
with me. [Takes Hot-spur on his Back.

Enter Prince Henry and John of Lancaster.

P. Henry. Come Brother *John*, full bravely hast
thou flesht
Thy Maiden Sword

Lan. But soft, who have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat Man was dead?

P. Henry. I did; I saw him dead;

G

Breath

Breathless, and bleeding on the Ground: Art thou alive ?
Or is it Fantasie that plays upon our Eye-sight ?
I prethee speak, we will not trust our Eyes
Without our Ears. Thou art not what thou seem'st ?

Fal. No, that's certain ; I am not a double Man, but if I am not *Jack Falstaff*, then am I a *Jack*. There is *Percy*; if your Father will do me any Honour, so; if not, let him kill the next *Percy* himself. I look either to be Earl or Duke I can assure you.

P. Henry. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my self, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Did'st thou ? Lord, Lord, how the World is given to Lying ! I grant you I was down, and out of Breath, and so was he ; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long Hour by *Shrewsbury* Clock : If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward Valour bear the Sin upon their own Heads. I'll take't on my Death I gave him this Wound in the Thigh : if the Man were alive, and would deny it, I would make him eat a piece of my Sword.

Lan. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.

P. Henry. This is the strangest Fellow, Brother *John*. Come bring your Luggage nobly on your back ; For my part, if a Lie may do thee grace, I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have.

[*A Retreat is sounded.*

The Trumpets sound Retreat, the Day is ours : Come Brother, let's to the highest of the Field, To see what Friends are living, who are dead.

[*Exeunt.*

Fal. I'll follow as they say, for Reward. He that rewards me, Heav'n reward him. If I do grow great again, I'll grow less ; for I'll purge, and leave Sack, and live cleanly, as a Noble-Man should do.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E I V.

The Trumpets sound : Enter King Henry, Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, Earl of Westmorland, with Worcester and Vernon Prisoners.

King Henry.

Thus ever did Rebellion find Rebuke.
Ill-spirited Worcester, did we not send Grace,
Pardon, and termes of Love to all of you ?
And would'st thou turn our Offers contrary ?
Misuse the Tenor of thy Kinsman's Trust ?
Three Knights upon our Party slain to Day,
A noble Earl and many a Creature else
Had been alive this Hour,
If like a Christian thou had'st truly born,
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.

Wor. What I have done, my safety urg'd me to,
And I embrace this Fortune patiently,
Since, not to be ayoided, it falls on me.

K. Henry. Bear Worcester to death, and Vernon too.
Other Offenders we will pause upon.

(Ex. Worcester and Vernon.

How goes the Field ? [he saw
P. Henry. The noble Scot, Lord Dowglass, when
The Fortune of the Day quite turn'd from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his Men,
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And falling from a Hill, he was so briuz'd
That the Pursuers took him. At my Tent
The Dowglass is, and I beseech your Grace,
I may dispose of him.

K. Henry. With all my Heart.

P. Henry. Then Brother John of Lancaster,

To

To you this Honourable Bounty shall belong :
 Go to the *Dowglass*, and deliver him
 Up to his Pleasure, ransomless and free :
 His Valour shewn upon our Crests to Day ,
 Hath taught us how to cherish such high Deeds ,
 Even in the Bosom of our Adversaries.

K. Henry. Then this remains , that we divide our Power.

You Son *John* , and my Cousin *Westmorland* ,
 Towards *York* shall bend you , with your dearest speed ,
 To meet *Northumberland* , and the Prelate *Scroop* ,
 Who , as we hear , are busily in Arms .
 My self and Son *Harry* will towards *Wales* ,
 To fight with *Glendower* , and the Earl of *March* .
 Rebellion in this Land shall lose his way ,
 Meeting the Check of such another Day ;
 And since this Busines so far is done ,
 Let's not leave off 'till all our own be won .

[*Exeunt.*

F I N I S.

